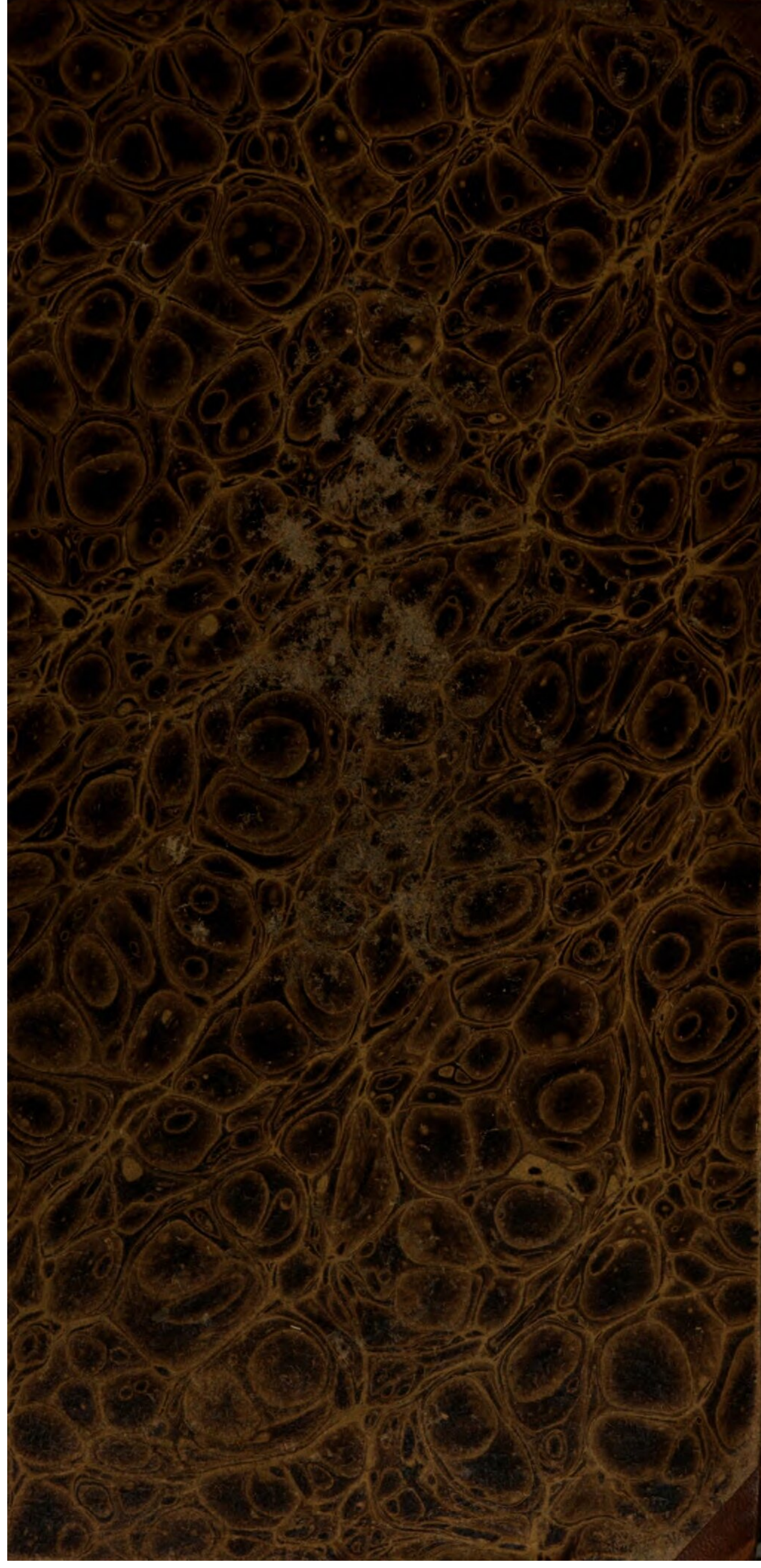




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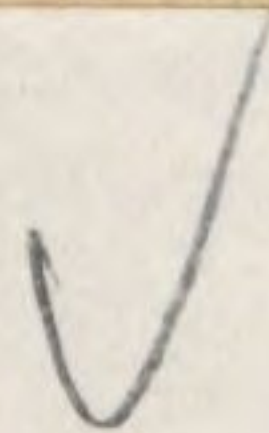
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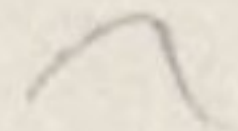


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TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

Third Series.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

JEDEDIAH CLEISHBOTHAM,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AND PASTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, NEW-YORK.

NEW-YORK: PUBLISHED BY J. C. LEITCH, 101 NASSAU ST.
1857.

TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

PRINTED AT THE NEW-YORK PRESS, 101 NASSAU ST.

VOL. III.



PLATE I.

THE LANDLORD'S GARDEN. A VIEW OF THE GARDEN OF THE LANDLORD, NEW-YORK, 1857.

FROM THE PRESS OF P. DIDOT, SENIOR,
PRINTER TO HIS MAJESTY.

TALES OF MY LANDLORD,

Second Series,

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

JEDEDIAH CLEISHBOTHAM,

SCHOOLMASTER AND PARISH-CLERK OF GANDERCLEUGH.

Hear, Land o' Cakes and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirke to Jonny Groats',
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it,
A chiel's amang you takin' notes,
An' faith he'll prent it.
BURNS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

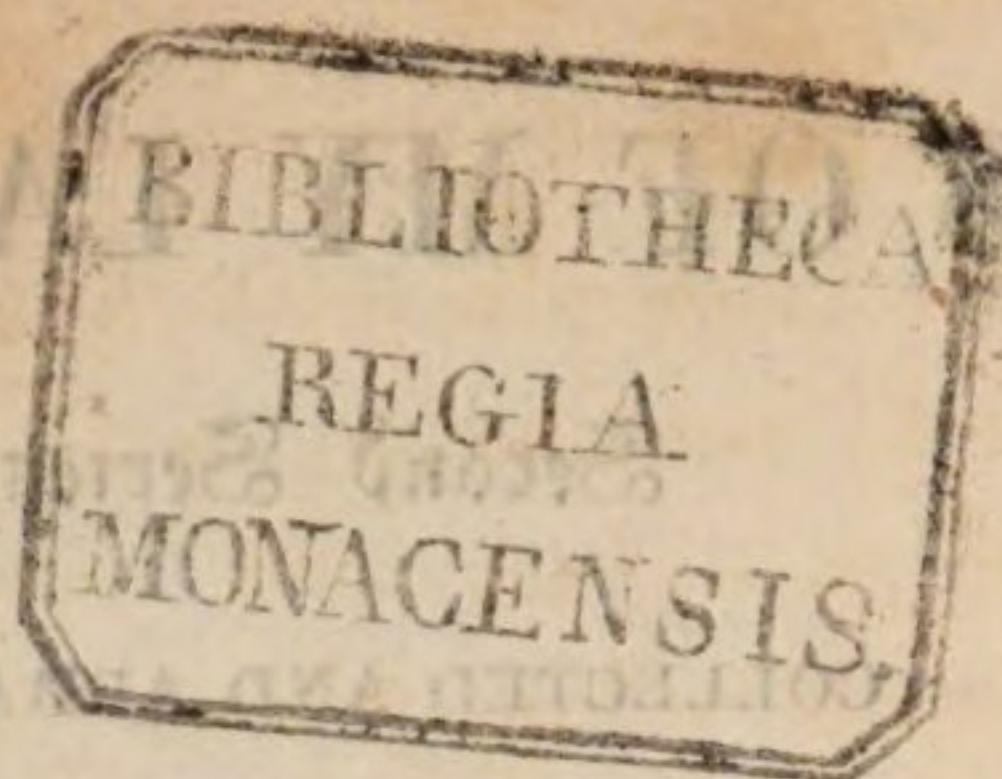
VOL. III.



PARIS:

PUBLISHED BY A. AND W. GALIGNANI, 18, RUE VIVIENNE,
AND P. DIDOT, SENIOR, RUE DU PONT-DE-LODI.

M DCCC XXI.



JEDEMAN CHRISTOTAM

RECTORIA ET LITURGICA ORATIONUM

Heut, I am a cake and butter Scots,
I am a cake to Johnny Grooms,
If there's a hole in a your coat,
I will be there to
A chief among you taken home,
As faith he'll find it.
Tears

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

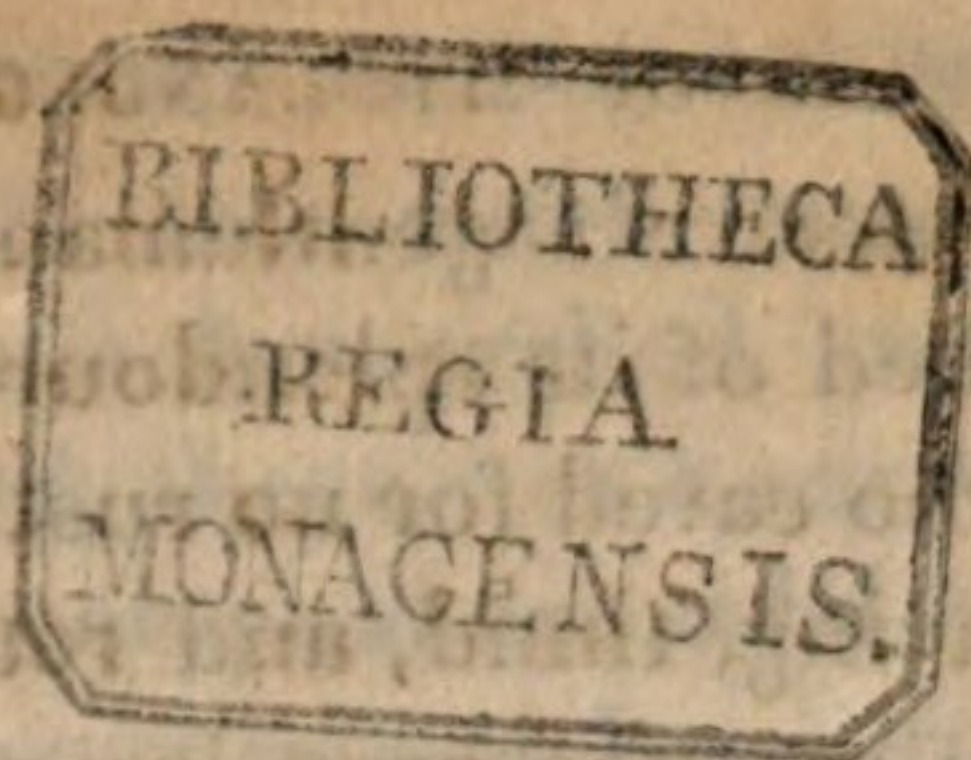
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PARIS:

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AND P. BLOT, SENIOR, RUE DU PONT-DE-LODI.

M DCCC XXI



THE
HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN.

CHAPTER I.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I've heard him complain,
* You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again ; *
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
Turns his side, and his shoulders, and his heavy head.

DR WATTS.

THE mansion-house of Dumbiedikes, to which we are now to introduce our readers, lay three or four miles — no matter for the exact topography—to the southward of St Leonard's. It had once borne the appearance of some little celebrity ; for the « auld laird, » whose humours and pranks were often mentioned in the ale-houses for about a mile round it, wore a sword, kept a good horse, and a brace of grey-hounds ; brawled, swore, and betted at cock-fights and horse-matches ; followed Somerville of Drum's hawks, and the Lord Ross's hounds, and called

himself *point device* a gentleman. But the line had been veiled of its splendour in the present proprietor, who cared for no rustic amusements, and was as saving, timid, and retired, as his father had been at once grasping and selfishly extravagant, — daring, wild, and intrusive.

Dumbiedikes was what is called in Scotland a *single* house; that is, having only one room occupying its whole breadth, each of which single apartments was illuminated by six or eight cross lights, whose diminutive panes and heavy frames permitted scarce so much light to enter as shines through one well-constructed modern window. This inartificial edifice, exactly such as a child would build with cards, having a steep roof flagged with coarse grey-stones instead of slates; a half-circular turret, battlemented, or, to use the appropriate phrase, bartizan'd on the **top**, served as a case for a narrow turnpike-stair, **by** which an ascent was gained from storey to **storey**; and at the bottom of the said turret, was a door studded with large-headed nails. There was no lobby at the bottom of the tower, and scarce a landing-place opposite to the doors which gave access to the apartments. One or two low and dilapidated out-houses, connected by a court-yard wall equally ruinous, surrounded the mansion. The court had been paved, but the flags being partly displaced, and partly renewed, a gallant crop of docks and thistles sprung up between them, and the small garden, which opened by a postern through the wall,

seemed not to be in a much more orderly condition. Over the low-arched gateway, which led into the yard, there was a carved stone, exhibiting some attempt at armorial bearings; and above the inner entrance hung, and had hung for many years, the mouldering hatchment, which announced that umquhile Laurence Dumbie, of Dumbiedikes, had been gathered to his fathers in Newbattle kirk-yard. The approach to this palace of pleasure, was by a road formed by the rude fragments of stone gathered from the land, and it was surrounded by ploughed, but uninclosed land. Upon a baulk, that is an unploughed ridge of land interposed among the corn, the laird's trusty palfrey was tethered by the head, and picking a meal of grass. The whole argued neglect and discomfort; the consequence, however, of idleness and indifference, not of poverty.

In this inner court, not without a sense of bashfulness and timidity, stood Jeanie Deans, at an early hour in a fine spring morning. She was no heroine of romance, and therefore looked with some curiosity and interest on the mansion-house and domains, of which, it might at that moment occur to her, a little encouragement, such as women of all ranks know by instinct how to apply, might have made her mistress. Moreover, she was no person of taste beyond her time, rank, and country, and certainly thought the house of Dumbiedikes, though inferior to Holyrood-house, or the palace at Dal-

keith, was still a stately structure in its way, and the land a « very bonnie bit, if it were better seen to and done to.» But Jeanie Deans was a plain, true-hearted, honest girl, who, while she acknowledged all the splendour of her old admirer's habitation and the value of his property, never for a moment harboured a thought of doing the laird, Butler, or herself, the injustice, which many ladies of higher rank would not have hesitated to do to all three, on much less temptation.

Her present errand being with the laird, she looked round the offices to see if she could find any domestic to announce that she wished to see him. As all was silence, she ventured to open one door;—it was the old laird's dog-kennel, now deserted, unless when occupied, as one or two tubs seemed to testify, as a washing-house. She tried another—it was the roofless shed where the hawks were once kept, as appeared from a perch or two not yet completely rotten, and a lure and jesses which were mouldering on the wall. A third door led to the coal-house, which was well stocked. To keep a very good fire, was one of the few points of domestic management in which Dumbiedikes was positively active; in all other matters of domestic economy he was completely passive, and at the mercy of his housekeeper, the same buxom dame whom his father had long since bequeathed to his charge, and who, if fame did her no injustice, had feathered her nest pretty well at his expence.

Jeanie went on opening doors, like the second Calender wanting an eye, in the castle of the hundred obliging damsels, until, like the said prince errant, she came to a stable. The Highland Pegasus, Rory Bean, to which belonged the single entire stall, was her old acquaintance, whom she had seen grazing on the baulk, as she failed not to recognize by the well-known ancient riding-furniture and demi-pique saddle, which half hung on the walls, half trailed on the litter. Beyond the « treviss, » which formed one side of the stall, stood a cow, who turned her head and lowed when Jeanie came into the stable, an appeal which her habitual occupations enabled her perfectly to understand, and with which she could not refuse complying, by shaking down some fodder to the animal, which had been neglected like most things else in the castle of the sluggard.

While she was accommodating « the milky mother » with the food which she should have received two hours sooner, a slip-shod wench peeped into the stable, and perceiving that a stranger was employed in discharging the task which she, at length, and reluctantly, had quitted her slumbers to perform, ejaculated, « Eh, sirs ! the Brownie ! the Brownie ! » and fled, yelling as if she had seen the devil.

To explain her terror, it may be necessary to notice, that the old house of Dumbiedikes had, according to report, been long haunted by a Brownie, one of those familiar spirits, who were

believed in ancient times to supply the deficiencies of the ordinary labourer—

« Whirl the long mop, and ply the airy flail.»

Certes, the convenience of such a supernatural assistant could have been nowhere more sensibly felt, than in a family where the domestics were so little disposed to personal activity; yet this serving maiden was so far from rejoicing in seeing a supposed aerial substitute discharging a task which she should have long since performed herself, that she proceeded to raise the family by her screams of horror, uttered as thick as if the Brownie had been flaying her. Jeanie, who had immediately resigned her temporary occupation, and followed the yelling damsel into the courtyard, in order to undeceive and appease her, was there met by Mrs Janet Balehristie, the favourite sultana of the last laird, as scandal went—the housekeeper of the present. The good-looking, buxom woman, betwixt forty and fifty, (for such we described her at the death of the last laird,) was now a fat, red-faced, old dame of seventy, or thereabouts, fond of her place, and jealous of her authority. Conscious that her place of administration did not rest on so sure a basis as in the time of the old proprietor, this considerate lady had introduced into the family the screamer aforesaid, who added good features and bright eyes to the powers of her lungs. She made no conquest of the laird, however, who seemed to

live as if there was not another woman in the world but Jeanie Deans, and to bear no very ardent or overbearing affection even to her. Mrs Janet Balchristie, notwithstanding, had her own uneasy thoughts upon the almost daily visits to Saint Leonard's Crag, and often, when the laird looked at her wistfully and paused, according to his custom before utterance, she expected him to say, "Jenny, I am gaun to change my condition;" but she was relieved by "Jenny, I am gaun to change my shoon."

Still, however, Mrs Balchristie regarded Jeanie Deans with no small portion of malevolence, the customary feeling of such persons towards any one who they think has the means of doing them an injury. But she had also a general aversion to any female, tolerably young, and decently well-looking, who shewed a wish to approach the house of Dumbiedikes and the proprietor thereof. And as she had raised her mass of mortality out of bed two hours earlier than usual, to come to the rescue of her clamorous niece, she was in such extreme bad humour against all and sundry, that Saddletree would have pronounced, that she harboured *inimicitiam contra omnes mortales*.

"Wha the de'il are ye?" said the fat dame to poor Jeanie, whom she did not immediately recognize, "scouping about a decent house at sic an hour in the morning?"

"It was ane wanting to speak to the laird," said Jeanie, who felt something of the intuitive

terror which she had formerly entertained for this termagant, when she was occasionally at Dumbiedikes on business of her father's.

“Ane?—And what sort of ane are ye?—hae ye nae name?—D’ye think his honour has naething else to do than to speak wi’ ilka idle tramper that comes about the town, and him in his bed yet, honest man?”

“Dear Mrs Balchristie,” replied Jeanie, in a submissive tone, “D’ye no mind me?—d’ye no mind Jeanie Deans?”

“Jeanie Deans!!” said the termagant, in accents affecting the utmost astonishment; then, taking two strides nearer to her, she peered into her face with a stare of curiosity, equally scornful and malignant—“I say Jeanie Deans indeed—Jeanie Deevil, they had better hae ca’d ye!—A bonnie spot o’ wark your tittie and you hae made out, murdering ae puir wean, and your light limmer of a sister’s to be hanged for’t, as weel she deserves!—And the like o’ you to come to ony honest man’s house, and want to be into a decent bachelor gentleman’s room at this time in the morning, and him in his bed?—gae wa’, gae wa’.”

Jeanie was struck mute with shame at the unfeeling brutality of this accusation, and could not even find words to justify herself from the vile construction put upon her visit, when Mrs Balchristie, seeing her advantage, continued in the same tone, “Come, come, bundle up your pipes and tramp awa’ wi’ ye?—ye may be seeking a

father to another wean for ony thing I ken. If it waurna that your father, auld David Deans, had been a tenant on our land, I would cry up the men-folk, and hae ye dookit in the burn for your impudence.»

Jeanie had already turned her back, and was walking towards the door of the court-yard, so that Mrs Balchristie, to make her last threat impressively audible to her, had raised her stentorian voice to its utmost pitch. But like many a general, she lost the engagement by pressing her advantage too far.

The laird had been disturbed in his morning slumbers by the tones of Mrs Balchristie's ob-jurgation, sounds in themselves by no means uncommon, but very remarkable, in respect to the early hour at which they were now heard. He turned himself on the other side, however, in hopes the squall would blow by, when, in the course of Mrs Balchristie's second explosion of wrath, the name of Deans distinctly struck the tympanum of his ear. As he was, in some degree, aware of the small portion of benevolence with which his housekeeper regarded the family at Saint Leonard's, he instantly conceived that some message from thence was the cause of this untimely ire, and getting out of his bed, he slipped as speedily as possible into an old brocaded night-gown, and some other necessary garments, clapped on his head his father's gold-laced hat, (for though he was seldom seen without it, yet it is proper to contradict the popular report, that

he slept in it, as Don Quixote did in his helmet), and opening the window of his bed-room, beheld, to his great astonishment, the well-known figure of Jeanie Deans herself retreating from his gate; while his housekeeper, with arms akimbo, fist clenched and extended, body erect, and head shaking with rage, sent after her a volley of Billingsgate oaths. His choler rose in proportion to the surprise, and, perhaps, to the disturbance of his repose, «Hark ye'» he exclaimed from the window, «ye auld limb of Satan—wha the de'il gies you commission to guide an honest man's daughter that gate?»

Mrs Balchristie was completely caught in the manner. She was aware, from the unusual warmth with which the laird expressed himself, that he was quite serious in this matter, and she knew that, with all his indolence of nature, there were points on which he might be provoked; and that, being provoked, he had in him something dangerous, which her wisdom taught her to fear accordingly. She began, therefore, to retract her false step as fast as she could. «She was but speaking for the house's credit, and she couldna think of disturbing his honour in the morning sae early, when the young woman might as weel wait or call again; and to be sure, she might make a mistake between the twa sisters, for ane o' them wasna sae creditable an acquaintance.»

«Haud your peace, ye auld jade,» said Dum-

biedikes; «the warst quean e'er stude in their shoon may ca' you cousin, an a' be true that I have heard.—Jeanie, my woman, gang into the parlour—but stay, that winna be redd up yet—wait there a minute till I come down to let ye in—Dinna mind what Jenny says to ye.»

«Na, na,» said Jenny, with a laugh of affected heartiness, «never mind me, lass—a' the world kens my bark's waur than my bite—if ye had had an appointment wi' the laird, ye might hae tauld me—I am nae uncivil person—gang your ways in bye, hinny,» and she opened the door of the house with a master-key.

«But I had no appointment wi' the laird,» said Jeanie, drawing back; «I want just to speak twa words to him, and I wad rather do it standing here, Mrs Balchristie.»

«In the open court-yard?—Na, na, that wad never do, lass; we maunna guide ye that gate neither—And how's that douce honest man, your father?»

Jeanie was saved the pain of answering this hypocritical question by the appearance of the laird himself.

«Gang in and get breakfast ready,» said he to his housekeeper—«and, d'ye hear, breakfast wi' us yoursel—ye ken how to manage thae porringers of tea-water—and, hear ye, see abune a' that there's a gude fire.—Weel, Jeanie, my woman, gang in bye—gang in bye, and rest ye.»

«Na, laird,» Jeanie replied, endeavouring as

as much as she could to express herself with composure, notwithstanding she still trembled, "I canna gang in—I have a lang day's darg afore me—I maun be twenty mile o' gate the night yet, if feet will carry me."

"Guide and deliver us!—twenty mile—twenty mile on your feet!" ejaculated Dumbiedikes, whose walks were of a very circumscribed diameter,—“Ye maun never think of that—come in bye.”

"I canna do that, laird," replied Jeanie; "the twa words I hae to say to ye I can say here; forbye that Mrs Balchristie"——

"The de'il flee awa' wi' Mrs Balchristie," said Dumbiedikes, "and he'll hae a heavy lading o' her. I tell ye, Jeanie Deans, I am a man of few words, but I am laird at hame, as weel as in the field; de'il a brute or body about my house but I can manage when I like, except Rory Bean, my powney; but I can seldom be at the plague, an it binna when my bluid's up."

"I was wanting to say to ye, laird," said Jeanie, who felt the necessity of entering upon her business, "that I was gaun a lang journey, outbye of my father's knowledge."

"Out bye his knowledge, Jeanie!—Is that right? Ye maun think o't again—it's no right," said Dumbiedikes, with a countenance of great concern.

"If I were anes at Lunnon," said Jeanie, in exculpation, "I am amaist sure I could get means to speak to the queen about my sister's life."

«Lunnon—and the queen—and her sister's life!» said Dumbiedikes, whistling for very amazement—«the lassie's demented.»

«I am no out o' my mind,» said she, «and, sink or swim, I am determined to gang to Lunnon, if I suld beg my way frae door to door—and so I maun, unless ye wad lend me a small sum to pay my expences—little thing will do it; and ye ken my father's a man of substance, and wad see nae man, far less you, laird, come to loss by me.»

Dumbiedikes, on comprehending the nature of this application, could scarce trust his ears—he made no answer whatever, but stood with his eyes rivetted on the ground.

«I see ye are no for assisting me, laird,» said Jeanie; «sae fare ye weel—and gang and see my poor father as aften as you can—he will be lonely aneugh now.»

«Where is the silly bairn gaun?» said Dumbiedikes; and, laying hold of her hand, he led her into the house. «It's no that I didna think o't before,» he said, «but it stack in my throat.»

Thus speaking to himself, he led her into an old-fashioned parlour, shut the door behind them, and fastened it with a bolt. While Jeanie, surprised at this manœuvre, remained as near the door as possible, the laird quitted her hand, and pressed upon a spring-lock fixed in an oak-pannel in the wainscot, which instantly slipped aside. An iron strong-box was discovered in a recess of the wall; he opened this also, and pull-

ing out two or three drawers, shewed that they were filled with leathern-bags, full of gold and silver coin.

« This is my bank, Jeanie lass, » he said, looking first at her, and then at the treasure, with an air of great complacence, — « nane o' your goldsmith's bills for me, — they bring folk to ruin. »

Then suddenly changing his tone, he resolutely said, — « Jeanie, I will make ye Lady Dumbiedikes afore the sun sets, and ye may ride to Lunnon in your ain coach, if ye like. »

« Na, laird, » said Jeanie, « that can never be — my father's grief — my sister's situation — the discredit to you » —

« That's *my* business, » said Dumbiedikes; « ye wad say naething about that if ye were na a fule — and yet I like ye the better for't — ae wise body's aneugh in the married state. But if your heart's ower fu', take what siller will serve ye, and let it be when ye come back again — as gude syne as sune. »

« But, laird, » said Jeanie, who felt the necessity of being explicit with so extraordinary a lover, « I like another man better than you, and I canna marry ye. »

« Another man better than me, Jeanie? » said Dumbiedikes — « how is that possible? — It's no possible, woman — ye hae kenn'd me sae lang. »

« Ay but, laird, » said Jeanie, with persevering simplicity, « I kenn'd him langer. »

« Langer? — It's no possible. It canna be; ye

were born on the land. O Jeanie woman, ye haena lookit—ye haena seen the half o' the gear." He drew out another drawer—"A' gowd, Jeanie, and there's bands for siller lent—And the rental book, Jeanie—clear three hunder sterling—de'il a wadset, heritable band, or burthen—Ye haena lookit at them, woman—And then my mother's wardrope, and my grandmother's forbye—silk gowns wad stand on their ends, their pearlin lace as fine as spider's webs, and rings and ear-rings to the boot of a' that—they are a' in the chamber of deas—Oh, Jennie, gang up the stair, and look at them."

But Jeanie held fast her integrity, though beset with temptations, which perhaps the laird of Dumbiedikes did not greatly err in supposing were those most affecting to her sex.

"It canna be, laird—I have said it—and I canna break my word till him, if ye wad gie me the haill barony of Dalkeith, and Lugton into the bargain."

"Your word to *him*," said the laird, somewhat pettishly; "but wha is he, Jeanie?—wha is he?—I haena heard his name yet—Come now, Jeanie, ye are but queering us—I am no trowing that there is sic a ane in the warld—ye are but making fashion—What is he?—wha is he?"

"Just Reuben Butler, that's schule-master at Libberton," said Jeanie.

"Reuben Butler! Reuben Butler!" echoed the laird of Dumbiedikes, pacing the apartment in high disdain,— "Reuben Butler, the dominie at

Libberton—and a dominic-depute too!—Reuben, the son of my cottar!—Very weel, Jeanie lass, wilfu' woman will hae her way—Reuben Butler! he has na in his pouch the value o' the auld black coat he wears—but it disna signify.” And, as he spoke, he shut successively, and with vehemence, the drawers of his treasury. “A fair offer, Jeanie, is nae cause of feud. Ae man may bring a horse to the water, but twenty wunna gar him drink.—And as for wasting my substance on other folk's joes”—

There was something in the last hint that nettled Jeanie's honest pride—“I was begging nane frae your honour,” she said; “least of a' on sic a score as ye pit it on. Gude morning to ye, sir; ye hae been kind to my father, and it isna in my heart to think otherwise than kindly of you.”

So saying, she left the room without listening to a faint “But, Jeanie—Jeanie—stay, woman!” And traversing the court-yard with a quick step, she set out on her forward journey, her bosom glowing with that natural indignation and shame, which an honest mind feels at having subjected itself to ask a favour, which had been unexpectedly refused. When out of the laird's ground, and once more upon the public road, her pace slackened, her anger cooled, and anxious anticipations of the consequence of this unexpected disappointment began to influence her with other feelings. Must she then actually beg her way to London? for such seemed the alternative; or

must she turn back, and solicit her father for money; and by doing so lose time, which was precious, besides the risk of encountering his positive prohibition respecting her journey? Yet she saw no medium between these alternatives; and, while she walked slowly on, was still meditating whether it were not better to return.

While she was thus in an uncertainty, she heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs, and a well-known voice calling her name. She looked round, and saw advancing towards her on a poney, whose bare back and halter assorted ill with the night-gown, slippers, and laced cocked-hat of the rider, a cavalier of no less importance than Dumbiedikes himself. In the energy of his pursuit, he had overcome even the Highland obstinacy of Rory Bean, and compelled that self-willed palfrey to canter the way his rider chose; which Rory, however, performed with all the symptoms of reluctance, turning his head, and accompanying every bound he made in advance with a sidelong motion, which indicated his extreme wish to turn round, — a manœuvre which nothing but the constant exercise of the laird's heels and cudgel could possibly have counteracted.

When the laird came up with Jeanie, the first words he uttered were, — "Jeanie, they say ane shouldna aye take a woman at her first word?"

"Ay, but ye maun take me at mine," said Jeanie, looking on the ground, and walking on without a pause. — "I hae but ae word to be-

stow on ony ane, and that's aye a true ane."

"Then," said Dumbiedikes, "at least ye suldna aye take a man at *his* first word. Ye maunna gang this wilfu' gate sillerless, come o't what like." He put a purse into her hand. "I wad gie you Rory too, but he's as wilfu' as yoursel, and he's ower weel used to a gate that maybe he and I hae gae ower aften, and he'll gang nae road else."

"But, laird," said Jeanie, "though I ken my father will satisfy every penny of this siller, whatever there's o't, yet I wadna like to borrow it frae ane that maybe thinks of something mair than the paying o't back again."

"There's just twenty-five guineas o't," said Dumbiedikes, with a gentle sigh, "and whether your father pays or disna pay, I make ye free till't without another word. Gang where ye like—do what ye like, and marry a' the Butlers in the country, gin ye like—And sae, gude morning to you, Jeanie."

"And God bless you, laird, wi' mony a gude morning," said Jeanie, her heart more softened by the unwonted generosity of this uncouth character, than perhaps Butler might have approved had he known her feelings at that moment; "and comfort, and the Lord's peace, and the peace of the world, be with you, if we suld never meet again."

Dumbiedikes turned and waved his hand; and his poney, much more willing to return than he had been to set out, hurried him home.

wards so fast, that, wanting the aid of a regular bridle, as well as of saddle and stirrups, he was too much puzzled to keep his seat to permit of his looking behind, even to give the parting glance of a forlorn swain. I am ashamed to say, that the sight of a lover, run away with in night-gown and slippers and a laced hat, by a bare-backed Highland poney, has something in it of a sedative, even to a grateful and deserved burst of affectionate esteem. The figure of Dumbiedikes was too ludicrous not to confirm Jeanie in the original sentiments she entertained towards him.

«He's a gude creature,» said she, «and a kind—it's a pity he has sae willyard a powney.» And she immediately turned her thoughts to the important journey which she had commenced, reflecting with pleasure, that, according to her habits of life and of undergoing fatigue, she was now amply, or even superfluously provided with the means of encountering the expences of the road, up and down from London, and all other expences whatever.

CHAPTER II.

What strange and wayward thoughts will slide
Into a lover's head :

“ O mercy !” to myself I cried,
“ If Lucy should be dead !”

WORDSWORTH.

IN pursuing her solitary journey, our heroine, soon after passing the house of Dumbiedikes, gained a little eminence, from which, on looking to the eastward down a prattling brook, whose meanders were shaded with straggling willows and alder-trees, she could see the cottages of Woodend and Beersheba, the haunts and habitation of her early life, and could distinguish the common on which she had so often herded sheep, and the recesses of the rivulet where she had pulled rushes with Butler, to plait crowns and sceptres for her sister Effie, then a beautiful, but spoiled, child, of about three years old. The recollections which the scene brought with them were so bitter, that, had she indulged them, she would have sate down and relieved her heart with tears.

“ But I kenn'd,” said Jeanie, “ that greeting would do but little good, and that it was mair

beseeming to thank the Lord, that had shewed me kindness and countenance by means of a man, that mony ca'd a Nabal and a churl, but wha was free of his gudes to me as ever the fountain was free of the stream. And I minded the Scripture about the sin of Israel at Mirebah, when the people murmured, although Moses had brought water from the dry rock that the congregation might drink and live. Sae, I wad not trust mysel with another look at poor Woodend, for the very blue reek that came out of the lum-head pat me in mind of the change of market-days with us."

In this resigned and Christian temper she pursued her journey, until she was beyond this place of melancholy recollections, and not distant from the village where Butler dwelt, which, with its old-fashioned church and steeple, rises among a tuft of trees, occupying the ridge of an eminence to the south of Edinburgh. At a quarter of a mile's distance is a clumsy square tower, the residence of the laird, who, in former times, with the habits of the predatory chivalry of Germany, is said frequently to have annoyed the city of Edinburgh, by intercepting the supplies and merchandise which came to the town from the southward.

This village, its tower, and its church, did not lie precisely in Jeanie's road towards England; but they were not much aside from it, and the village was the abode of Butler. She had resolved to see him in the beginning of her jour-

ney, because she conceived him the most proper person to write to her father concerning her resolution and her hopes. There was probably another reason latent in her affectionate bosom. She wished once more to see the object of so early and so sincere an attachment, before commencing a pilgrimage, the perils of which she did not disguise from herself, although she did not allow them so to press upon her mind, as to diminish the strength and energy of her resolution. A visit to a lover from a young person in a higher rank of life than Jeanie's, would have had something forward and improper in its character. But the simplicity of her rural habits was inconsistent with these punctilious ideas of decorum, and no notion, therefore, of impropriety crossed her imagination, as, setting out upon a long journey, she went to bid adieu to an early friend.

There was still another motive that passed upon her mind with additional force as she approached the village. She had looked anxiously for Butler in the court-house, and had expected that certainly, in some part of that eventful day, he would have appeared to bring such countenance and support as he could give to his old friend and the protector of his youth, even if her own claims were laid aside. She knew, indeed, that he was under a certain degree of restraint; but she still had hoped that he would have found means to emancipate himself from it, at least for one day. In short, the wild and wayward

thoughts which Wordsworth has described as rising in an absent lover's imagination, suggested as the only explanation of his absence, that Butler must be very ill. And so much had this wrought on her imagination, that when she approached the cottage in which her lover occupied a small apartment, and which had been pointed out to her by a maiden with a milk-pail on her head, she trembled at anticipating the answer she might receive on inquiring for him.

Her fears in this case had, indeed, only hit upon the truth. Butler, whose constitution was naturally feeble, did not soon recover the fatigue of body and distress of mind which he had suffered, in consequence of the tragical events with which our narrative commenced. The painful idea that his character was breathed on by suspicion, was an aggravation to his distress. But the most cruel addition was the absolute prohibition laid by the magistrates on his holding any communication with Deans or his family. It had unfortunately appeared likely to them that some intercourse might be again attempted with that family by Robertson, through the medium of Butler, and this they were anxious to intercept, or prevent if possible. The measure was not meant as a harsh or injurious severity on the part of the magistrates; but, in Butler's circumstances, it pressed cruelly hard. He felt he must be suffering under the bad opinion of the person who was dearest to him, from an impu-

tation of unkind desertion, the most alien to his nature.

This painful thought, pressing on a frame already injured, brought on a succession of slow and lingering feverish attacks, which greatly impaired his health, and at length rendered him incapable even of the sedentary duties of the school, on which his bread depended. Fortunately, old Mr Whackbairn, who was the principal of the little parochial establishment, was sincerely attached to Butler. Besides that he was sensible of his merits and value as an assistant, which had greatly raised the credit of his little school, the ancient pedagogue, who had himself been tolerably educated, retained some taste for classical lore, and would gladly relax after the drudgery of the school was over, by conning over a few pages of Horace or Juvenal with his usher. A similarity of taste begot kindness, and he, accordingly, saw Butler's increasing debility with great compassion, roused up his own energies to teaching the school in the morning hours, insisted upon his assistant's reposing himself at that period; and, besides, supplied him with such comforts as the patient's situation required, and his own means were inadequate to compass.

Such was Butler's situation, scarce able to drag himself to the place where his daily drudgery must gain his daily bread, and racked with a thousand fearful anticipations concerning the fate of those who were dearest to him in the

world, when the trial and condemnation of Effie Deans put the cope-stone upon his mental misery.

He had a particular account of these events from a fellow-student, who resided in the same village, and who, having been present on the melancholy occasion, was able to place it in all its agony of horrors before his excruciated imagination. That sleep should have visited his eyes, after such a curfew note, was impossible. A thousand dreadful visions haunted his imagination all night, and in the morning he was awakened from a feverish slumber, by the only circumstance which could have added to his distress—the visit of an intrusive ass.

This unwelcome visitant was no other than Bartholine Saddletree. The worthy and sapient burgher had kept his appointment at Mac-Croskie's, with Plumdamas and some other neighbours, to discuss the Duke of Argyle's speech, the justice of Effie Deans's condemnation, and the improbability of her obtaining a reprieve. This sage conclave disputed high and drank deep, and on the next morning Bartholine felt, as he expressed it, as if his head was like a "confused progress of writts."

To bring his reflective powers to their usual serenity, Saddletree resolved to take a morning's ride upon a certain hackney, which he, Plumdamas, and another honest shopkeeper, combined to maintain by joint subscription, for occasional jaunts for the purpose of business or exercise.

As Saddletree had two children boarded with Whackbairn, and was, as we have seen, rather fond of Butler's society, he turned his palfrey's head towards Libberton, and came, as we have already said, to give the unfortunate usher that additional vexation, of which Imogene complains so feelingly when she says,

"I'm sprighted with a fool—
Sprighted and anger'd worse."

If any thing could have added gall to bitterness, it was the choice which Saddletree made of a subject for his prosing harangues, being the trial of Effie Deans, and the probability of her being executed. Every word fell on Butler's ear like the knell of a death-bell, or the note of a screech-owl.

Jeanie paused at the door of her lover's humble abode upon hearing the loud and pompous tones of Saddletree sounding from the inner apartment, "Credit me, it will be sae, Mr Butler. — Brandy cannot save her. — She maun gang down the Bow wi' the lad in the pioted coat at her heels. — I am sorry for the lassie, but the law, sir, maun hae its course—"

"Vivat Rex,
Currat Lex,"

as the poet has it, in whilk of Horace's odes I know not."

Here Butler groaned in utter impatience of the brutality and ignorance which Bartholine had

contrived to amalgamate into one sentence. But Saddletree, like other prozers, was blessed with a happy obtuseness of perception concerning the unfavourable impression which he sometimes made on his auditors. He proceeded to deal forth his scraps of legal knowledge without mercy, and concluded by asking Butler, with great self-complacency, « Was it na a pity my father didna send me to Utrecht? Havena I missed the chance to turn out as *clarissimus* an *ictus*, as auld Grunwiggin himsel? — What' for dinna ye speak, Mr Butler? Wad I no hae been a *clarissimus ictus*? — Eh, man?»

« I really do not understand you, Mr Saddletree, » said Butler, thus pushed hard for an answer. His faint and exhausted tone of voice was instantly drowned in the sonorous bray of Bartholine.

« No understand me, man?—*Ictus* is latin for a lawyer, is it not? »

« Not that ever I heard of, » answered Butler, in the same dejected tone.

« The de'il ye didna! See, man, I got the word but this morning out of a memorial of Mr Crossmyloof's—see, there it is, *ictus clarissimus et perti—peritissimus*—it's a' Latin, for it's printed in the Italian types. »

« O you mean *juris-consultus*.—*Ictus* is an abbreviation for *juris-consultus*. »

« Dinna tell me, man, » persevered Saddletree, « there's nae abbreviates except in adjudications; and this is a' about a servitude of water-drap

— that is to say, *tillicidian*,* (maybe ye'll say that's no Latin neither) in Mary King's Close, in the High Street."

"Very likely," said poor Butler, overwhelmed by the noisy perseverance of his visitor. "I am not able to dispute with you."

"Few folks are — few folks are, Mr Butler, though I say it, that shouldna say it," returned Bartholine, with great delight. "Now it will be twa hours yet or ye're wanted in the schule, and as ye are no weel, I'll sit wi' you to divert ye, and explain t'ye the nature of a *tillicidian*. Ye maun ken the pursuer, Mrs Crombie, a very decent woman, is a friend of mine, and I hae stude her friend in this case, and brought her wi' credit into the court, and I doubtna, that in due time she will win out o't wi' credit, win she or lose she. Ye see, being an inferior tenement or laigh-house, we grant ourselves to be burthened wi' the *tillicide*, that is, that we are obligated to receive the natural water-drap of the superior tenement, sae far as the same fa's frae the heavens, or the roof of our neighbour's house, and from thence by the gutters or eaves upon our laigh tenement. But the other night comes a Highland quean of a lass, and she flashes, God kens what, out at the eastmost window of Mrs MacPhail's house, that's the superior tenement. I believe the auld women wad hae greed, for Luckie MacPhail sent down the lass to tell my

* He meant, probably, *stillicidium*.

friend, Mrs Crombie, that she had made the gardy-loo out of the wrang window, out of respect for twa Highlandmen that were speaking Gælic in the close below the right ane. But luckily for Mrs Crombie, I just chanced to come in in time to break off the communing, for it's a pity the point suldna be tried. We had Mrs MacPhail into the Ten-Mark-Court — 'The hieland limmer of a lass wanted to swear herself free—but haud ye there, says I' — —

The detailed account of this important suit might have lasted until poor Butler's hour of rest was completely exhausted, had not Saddletree been interrupted by the noise of voices at the door. The woman of the house where Butler lodged, on returning with her pitcher from the well, whence she had been fetching water for the family, found our heroine Jeanie Deans standing at the door, impatient of the prolix harangue of Saddletree, yet unwilling to enter until he should have taken his leave.

The good woman abridged the period of hesitation by inquiring, « Was ye wanting the gude-man or me, lass? »

« I wanted to speak with Mr Butler, if he's at leisure, » replied Jeanie.

« Gang in bye then, my woman, » answered the goodwife; and, opening the door of a room, she announced the additional visitor, with « Mr Butler, here's a lass wants to speak t'ye. »

The surprise of Butler was extreme, when Jeanie, who seldom stirred half a mile from

home, entered his apartment upon this annunciation.

« Good God ! » he said, starting from his chair, while alarm restored to his cheek the colour of which sickness had deprived it, « some new misfortune must have happened. »

« None, Mr Reuben, but what you must have heard of — but O ye are looking ill yoursel ! » for the « hectic of a moment » had not concealed from her affectionate eye the ravages which lingering disease and anxiety of mind had made in her lover's person.

« No : I am well — quite well, » said Butler, with eagerness ; « if I can do any thing to assist you, Jeanie — or your father. »

« Ay, to be sure, » said Saddletree ; « the family may be considered as limited to them twa now, just as if Effie had never been in the tailzie, puir thing. But Jeanie, lass, what brings you out to Libberton sae air in the morning, and your father lying ill in the Luckenbooths ? »

« I had a message frae my father to Mr Butler, » said Jeanie, with embarrassment ; but instantly feeling ashamed of the fiction to which she had resorted, for her love of, and veneration for truth was almost quaker-like, she corrected herself — « that is to say, I wanted to speak with Mr Butler about some business of my father's and puir Effie's. »

« Is it law business ? » said Bartholine ; « be-ause if it be, ye had better take my opinion on the subject than his. »

«It is not just law business,» said Jeanie, who saw considerable inconvenience might arise from letting Mr Saddletree into the secret purpose of her journey; «but I want Mr Butler to write a letter for me.»

«Very right,» said Mr Saddletree, «and if ye'll tell me what it is about, I'll dictate to Mr Butler, as Mr Crossmyloof does to his clerk. Get your pen and ink *in initialibus*, Mr Butler.»

Jeanie looked at Butler, and wrung her hands with vexation and impatience.

«I believe, Mr Saddletree,» said Butler, who saw the necessity of getting rid of him at all events, «that Mr Whackbairn will be somewhat affronted, if you do not hear your boys called up to their lessons.»

«Indeed, Mr Butler, and that's as true; and I promised to ask a half-play-day to the schule, so that the bairns might gang and see the hanging, which canna but have a pleasing effect on their young minds, seeing there is no knowing what they may come to themselves.—Odso, I didna mind ye were here, Jeanie Deans; but ye maun use yoursel to hear the matter spoken o'.—Keep Jeanie here till I come back, Mr Butler; I wunna bide ten minutes.»

And with this unwelcome assurance of an immediate return, he relieved them of the embarrassment of his presence.

«Reuben,» said Jeanie, who saw the necessity of using the interval of his absence in discussing what had brought her there, «I am bound on a

lang journey—I am gaun to Lunnon to ask Effie's life at the king and at the queen."

"Jeanie! you are surely not yourself," answered Butler, in the utmost surprise; "*you go to London—you address the king and queen!*"

"And what for no, Reuben?" said Jeanie, with all the composed simplicity of her character; "it's but speaking to a mortal man and woman when a' is done. And their hearts maun be made o' flesh and blood like other folk's, and Effie's story wad melt them were they stane. Forbye, I hae heard that they are no sic bad folk as what the jacobites ca's them."

"Yes, Jeanie," said Butler; "but their magnificence—their retinue—the difficulty of getting audience?"

"I have thought of a' that, Reuben, and it shall not break my spirit. Nae doubt their claihs will be very grand, wi' their crowns on their heads, and their sceptres in their hands, like the great King Ahasuerus when he sate upon his royal throne foranent the gate of his house, as we are told in Scripture. But I have that within me that will keep my heart from failing, and I am amaist sure that I will be strengthened to speak the errand I came for."

"Alas! alas!" said Butler, "the kings now-a-days do not sit in the gate to administer justice, as in patriarchal times. I know as little of courts as you do, Jeanie, by experience; but by reading and report, I know that the King of

Britain does every thing by means of his ministers.”

“And if they be upright, God-fearing ministers,” said Jeanie, “it’s sae muckle the better chance for Effie and me.”

“But you do not even understand the most ordinary words relating to a court,” said Butler; “by the ministry is meant the king’s official servants.”

“Nae doubt,” returned Jeanie, “he maun hae a great number mair, I dare to say, than the duchess has at Dalkeith, and great folk’s servants are aye mair saucy than themselves. But I’ll be decently put on, and I’ll offer them a trifle o’ siller, as if I came to see the palace. Or if they scruple that, I’ll tell them I’m come on a business of life and death, and then they will surely bring me to speech of the king and queen?”

Butler shook his head. “O, Jeanie, this is entirely a wild dream. You can never see them but through some great lord’s intercession, and I think it is scarce possible even then.”

“Weel, but maybe I can get that too,” said Jeanie, “with a little helping from you.”

“From me, Jeanie! this is the wildest imagination of all.”

“Ay; but it is not, Reuben—Havena I heard you say, that your grandfather (that my father never likes to hear about) did some gude langsyne to the forbear of this MacCallummore, when he was Lord of Lorn?”

“He did so,” said Butler, eagerly, “and I can prove it.—I will write to the Duke of Argyle—report speaks him a good kindly man, as he is known for a brave soldier and true patriot—I will conjure him to stand between your sister and this cruel fate. There is but a poor chance of success, but we will try all means.”

“We *must* try all means,” replied Jeanie; “but writing winna do it—a letter canna look, and pray, and beg, and beseech, as the human voice can do to the human heart. A letter’s like the music that the ladies have for their spinets—naething but black scores, compared to the same tune played or sung. It’s word of mouth maun do it, or naething, Reuben.”

“You are right,” said Reuben, recollecting his firmness, “and I will hope that Heaven has suggested to your kind heart and firm courage the only possible means of saving the life of this unfortunate girl. But, Jeanie, you must not take this most perilous journey alone; I have an interest in you, and I will not agree that my Jeanie throws herself away. You must even, in the present circumstances, give me a husband’s right to protect you, and I will go with you myself on this journey, and assist you to do your duty by your family.”

“Alas, Reuben!” said Jeanie in her turn, “this must not be; a pardon will not gie my sister her fair fame again, or make me a bride fitting for an honest man and an usefu’ minister. Wha wad mind what he said in the pu’pit, that had to wife

the sister of a woman that was condemned for sic wickedness?"

"But, Jeanie," pleaded her lover, "I do not believe, and I cannot believe, that Effie has done this deed."

"Heaven bless you for saying sae, Reuben," answered Jeanie; "but she maun bear the blame o't after all."

"But that blame, were it justly laid on her, does not fall on you?"

"Ah, Reuben, Reuben," replied the young woman, "ye ken it is a blot that spreads to kith and kin.—Ichabod—as my poor father says—the glory is departed from our house; for the poorest man's house has a glory, where there are true hands, a divine heart, and an honest fame—And the last has gane frae us a'."

"But, Jeanie, consider your word and plighted faith to me; and would ye undertake such a journey without a man to protect you, and who should that protector be but your husband?"

"You are kind and good, Reuben, and wad take me wi' a' my shame, I doubt na. But ye canna but own that this is no time to marry or be given in marriage. Na, if that suld ever be, it maun be in another and a better season.—And, dear Reuben, ye speak of protecting me on my journey—Alas! who will protect and take care of you—your very limbs tremble with standing for ten minutes on the floor; how could you undertake a journey as far as Lunnon?"

"But I am strong—I am well," continued

Butler, sinking in his seat totally exhausted, «at least I will be quite well to-morrow.»

«Ye see, and ye ken, ye maun just let me depart,» said Jeanie, after a pause; and then taking his extended hand, and gazing kindly in his face, she added, «It's e'en a grief the mair to me to see you in this way. But ye maun keep up your heart for Jeanie's sake, for if she isna your wife, she will never be the wife of living man. And now gie me the paper for Mac-Callummore, and bid God speed me on my way.»

There was something of romance in Jeanie's venturous resolution; yet, on consideration, as it seemed impossible to alter it by persuasion, or to give her assistance but by advice, Butler, after some farther debate, put into her hands the paper she desired, which, with the muster-roll in which it was folded up, were the sole memorials of the stout and enthusiastic Bible Butler, his grandfather. While Butler sought this document, Jeanie had time to take up his pocket Bible. «I have marked a scripture,» she said, as she again laid it down, «with your kylevine pen, that will be useful to us baith. And ye maun tak the trouble, Reuben, to write a' this to my father, for, God help me, I have neither head nor hand for lang letters at ony time, forbye now; and I trust him entirely to you, and I trust you will soon be permitted to see him. And, Reuben, when ye do win to the speech o' him, mind a' the auld man's

bits o' ways for Jeanie's sake; and dinna speak o' Latin or English terms to him, for he's o' the auld warld, and downa bide to be fashed wi' them, though I dare say he may be wrang. And dinna ye say muckle to him, but set him on speaking himsel, for he'll bring himsel mair comfort that way. And O, Reuben, the poor lassie in yon dungeon—but I needna bid your kind heart—gie her what comfort ye can as soon as they will let ye see her—tell her—but I maunna speak mair about her, for I maunna take leave o' ye wi' the tear in my ee, for that wadna be canny.—God bless ye, Reuben!”

To avoid so ill an omen she left the room hastily, while her features yet retained the mournful and affectionate smile which she had compelled them to wear, in order to support Butler's spirits.

It seemed as if the power of light, of speech, and of reflection, had left him as she disappeared from the room, which she had entered and retired from so like an apparition. Saddle-tree, who entered immediately afterwards, overwhelmed him with questions, which he answered without understanding them, and with legal disquisitions, which conveyed to him no iota of meaning. At length the learned burgess recollected that there was a Baron Court to be held at Loan-head that day, and though it was hardly worth while, “he might as weel go to see if there was ony thing doing, as he was acquainted

with the baron-baillie, who was a decent man, and would be glad of a word of legal advice.»

So soon as he departed, Butler flew to the Bible, the last book which Jeanie had touched. To his extreme surprise, a paper, containing two or three pieces of gold, dropped from the book. With a black lead pencil, she had marked the sixteenth and twenty-fifth verses of the thirty-seventh Psalm,—«A little that a righteous man hath, is better than the riches of the wicked.»—«I have been young and am now old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.»

Deeply impressed with the affectionate delicacy which shrouded its own generosity under the cover of a providential supply to his wants, he pressed the gold to his lips with more ardour than ever the metal was greeted by a miser. To emulate her devout firmness and confidence seemed now the pitch of his ambition, and his first task was to write an account to David Deans of his daughter's resolution and journey southward. He studied every sentiment, and even every phrase, which he thought could reconcile the old man to her extraordinary resolution. The effect which this epistle produced will be hereafter adverted to. Butler committed it to the charge of an honest clown, who had frequent dealings with Deans in the sale of his dairy produce, and who readily undertook a journey

to Edinburgh, to put the letter into his own hands.*

* By dint of assiduous research I am enabled to certiorate the reader, that the name of this person was Saunders Broadfoot, and that he dealt in the wholesome commodity called kirn-milk, (*Anglicè*, butter-milk).—J. C.

CHAPTER III.

« My native land, good night.»

LORD BYRON.

IN the present day, a journey from Edinburgh to London is a matter at once safe, brief, and simple, however inexperienced or unprotected the traveller. Numerous coaches of different rates of charge, and as many packets, are perpetually passing and repassing betwixt the capital of Britain and her northern sister, so that the most timid or indolent may execute such a journey upon a few hours notice. But it was different in 1737. So slight and infrequent was the intercourse betwixt London and Edinburgh, that men still alive remember that upon one occasion the mail from the former city arrived at the general Post-Office in Scotland, with only one letter in it. The usual mode of travelling was by means of post-horses, the traveller occupying one and his guide another, in which manner, by relays of horses from stage to stage, the journey might be accomplished in a wonderfully short time by those who could endure fatigue.

To have the bones shaken to pieces by a constant change of those hacks, was a luxury for the rich—the poor were under the necessity of using the mode of conveyance with which nature had provided them.

With a strong heart, and a frame patient of fatigue, Jeanie Deans, travelling at the rate of twenty miles a-day, and sometimes farther, traversed the southern part of Scotland, and advanced as far as Durham.

Hitherto she had been either among her own country-folks, or those to whom her bare feet and tartan screen were objects too familiar to attract much attention. But as she advanced, she perceived that both circumstances exposed her to sarcasm and taunts, which she might otherwise have escaped; and, although in her heart she thought it unkind, and unhospitable, to sneer at a passing stranger on account of the fashion of her attire, yet she had the good sense to alter those parts of her dress which attracted ill-natured observation. Her chequered screen was deposited carefully in her bundle, and she conformed to the national extravagance of wearing shoes and stockings for the whole day.

She confessed afterwards, that, “besides the wastrife, it was lang or she could walk sae comfortably with the shoes as without them, but there was often a bit saft heather by the roadside, and that helped her weel on.” The want of the screen, which was drawn over the head like a veil, she supplied by a *bon-grace*, as she

called it; a large straw bonnet, like those worn by the English maidens when labouring in the fields. "But I thought unco shame o' mysel," she said, "the first time I put on a married woman's *bon-grace*, and me a single maiden."

With these changes she had little, as she said, to make "her kenspeckle when she didna speak," but her accent and language drew down on her so many jests and gibes, couched in a worse *patois* by far than her own, that she soon found it was her interest to speak as little and as seldom as possible. She answered, therefore, civil salutations of chance passengers with a civil curtsey, and chose, with anxious circumspection, such places of repose as looked at once most decent and sequestered. She found the common people of England, although inferior in courtesy to strangers, such as was then practised in her own more unfrequented country, yet, upon the whole, by no means deficient in the real duties of hospitality. She readily obtained food, and shelter, and protection at a very moderate rate, which sometimes the generosity of mine host altogether declined, with a blunt apology,—“Thee hast a lang way afore thee, lass; and I’se ne’er take penny out o’ a single woman’s purse; it’s the best friend thou can have on the road.”

It often happened, too, that mine hostess was struck with "the tidy, nice Scotch body," and procured her an escort or a cast in a waggon for some part of the way, or gave her useful ad-

vice and recommendation respecting her resting-places.

At York, our pilgrim stopped for the best part of a day, partly to recruit her strength,—partly because she had the good luck to obtain a lodging in an inn kept by a countrywoman,—partly to indite two letters to her father and Reuben Butler; an operation of some little difficulty, her habits being by no means those of literary composition. That to her father was in the following words :

“DEAREST FATHER,

“I make my present pilgrimage more heavy and burthensome, through the sad occasion to reflect that it is without your knowledge, which, God knows, was far contrary to my heart; for Scripture says, that ‘the vow of the daughter should not be binding without consent of the father,’ wherein it may be I have been guilty to tak this wearie journey without your consent. Nevertheless, it was borne in upon my mind that I should be an instrument to help my poor sister in this extremity of needcessity, otherwise I wad not, for wealth or for world’s gear, or for the hale lands of Da’keith and Lugton, have done the like o’ this, without your free will and knowledge. O, dear father, as ye wad desire a blessing on my journey, and upon your household, speak a word or write a line of comfort to yon poor prisoner. If she has sinned, she has sorrowed and suffered, and ye ken better than me, that we

maun forgie others, as we pray to be forgien. Dear father, forgive my saying this muckle, for it doth not become a young head to instruct grey hairs; but I am sae far frae ye, that my heart yearns to ye a', and fain wad I hear that ye had forgien her trespass, and sae I nae doubt say mair than may become me. The folk here are civil, and, like the barbarians unto the holy apostle, hae shown me much kindness; and there are a sort of chosen people in the land, for they hae some kirks without organs that are like ours, and are called meeting-houses, where the minister preaches without a gown. But most of the country are prelatists, whilk is awfu' to think; and I saw twa men that were ministers following hunds, as bauld as Roslin or Driden, the young Laird of Loup-the-dike, or ony wild gallant in Lothian. A sorrowfu' sight to behold! O, dear father, may a blessing be with your down-lying and uprising, and remember in your prayers your affectionate daughter to command,

“JEAN DEANS.”

A postscript bore, “I learned from a decent woman, a grazier's widow, that they hae a cure for the muir-ill in Cumberland, whilk is ane pint, as they ca't, of yill, whilk is a dribble in comparison of our gawsie Scots pint, and hardly half ane mutchkin, boil'd wi' sope and hartshorn draps, and toomed down the creature's throat wi' ane whorn. Ye might try it on the bauson-faced

year-auld quey; an it does nae gude, it can do nae ill.—She was a kind woman, and seemed skeely about horned beasts. When I reach Lunnon, I intend to gang to our cousin Mistress Glass, the tobacconist, at the sign o' the Thistle, wha is so ceevil as to send you down your spleuchan-fu' anes a-year, and as she must be well kenn'd in Lunnon, I doubt not easily to find out where she lives.»

Being seduced into betraying our heroine's confidence thus far, we will stretch our communication a step beyond, and impart to the reader her letter to her lover.

«MR REUBEN BUTLER,

«Hoping this will find you better, this comes to say, that I have reached this great town safe, and am not wearied with walking, but the better for it. And I have seen many things which I trust to tell you one day, also the muckle kirk of this place; and all around the city are mills, whilk havena muckle-wheels nor mill-dams, but gang by the wind—strange to behold. Ane miller asked me to gang in and see it work, but I wad not, for I am not come to the south to make acquaintance with strangers. I keep the straight road, and just beck if ony body speaks to me ceevilly, and answers naebody with the tong but women of mine ain sect. I wish, Mr Butler, I kenn'd ony thing that wad mak ye weel, for they hae mair medicines in this town of York

than wad cure a' Scotland, and surely some of them wad be gude for your complaints. If ye had a kindly motherly body to nurse ye, and no to let ye waste yoursel wi' reading—whilk ye read mair than aneugh with the bairns in the schule—and to gie ye warm milk in the morning, I wad be mair easy for ye. Dear Mr Butler, keep a good heart, for we are in the hands of ane that kens better what is gude for us than we ken what is for oursels. I hae nae doubt to do that for which I am come—I canna doubt it—I winna think to doubt it—because, if I haena full assurance, how shall I bear myself with earnest entreaties in the great folk's presence. But token that ane's purpose is right, and to make their heart strong, is the way to get through the warst day's dargue. The bairns' rime says, the warst blast of the borrowing days couldna kill the three silly poor hog-lams. And if it be God's pleasure, we that are sindered in sorrow may meet again in joy, even on this hither side of Gordan. I dinna bid ye mind what I said at our partin' anent my poor father and that misfortunate lassie, for I ken you will do sae for the sake of Christian charity, whilk is mair than the entreaties of her that is your servant to command,

“JEANIE DEANS.”

This letter also had a postscript. “Dear Reuben, if ye think that it wad hae been right for me to have said mair and kinder things to ye, just think that I hae written sae, since I am sure

that I wish a' that is kind and right to ye and by ye. Ye will think I am turned waster, for I wear clean hose and shoon every day; but it's the fashion here for decent bodies, and ilka land has its ain laugh. Ower and aboon a', if laughing days were e'er to come back again till us, ye wad laugh weel to see my round face at the far end of a strae bongrace, that looks as muckle and round as the middell aisle in Libberton Kirk. But it sheds the sun weel aff, and keeps unceevil folk frae staring as if ane were a worry-cow. I sall tell ye by writ how I come on wi' the Duke of Argyle, when I won up to Lunnon. Direct a line, to say how ye are, to me, to the charge of Mrs Margaret Glass, tobacconist, at the sign of the Thistle, Lunnon, whilk, if it assures me of your health, will make my mind sae muckle easier. Excuse bad spelling and writing, as I have ane ill pen."

The orthography of these epistles may seem to the southron to require a better apology than the letter expresses; but, on behalf of the heroine, I would have them to know, that, thanks to the care of Butler, Jeanie Deans wrote and spelled fifty times better than half the women of rank in Scotland at that period, whose strange orthography and singular diction form the strongest contrast to the good sense which their correspondence usually intimates.

For the rest, in the tenor of these epistles, Jeanie expressed, perhaps, more hopes, a firmer

courage, and better spirits, than she actually felt. But this was with the amiable idea of relieving her father and lover from apprehensions on her account, which she was sensible must greatly add to their other troubles. "If they think me weel, and like to do weel," said the poor pilgrim to herself, "my father will be kinder to Effie, and Butler will be kinder to himself. For I ken weel that they will think mair o' me, than I do o' mysel."

Accordingly, she sealed her letters carefully, and put them into the post-office with her own hand, after many enquiries concerning the time in which they were likely to reach Edinburgh. When this duty was performed, she readily accepted her landlady's pressing invitation to dine with her, and remain till the next morning. The hostess, as we have said, was her countrywoman, and the eagerness with which Scottish people meet, communicate, and, to the extent of their power, assist each other, although it is often objected to us, as a prejudice and narrowness of sentiment, seems, on the contrary, to arise from a most justifiable and honourable feeling of patriotism, combined with a conviction, which, if undeserved, would long since have been confuted by experience, that the habits and principles of the nation are a sort of guarantee for the character of the individual. At any rate, if the extensive influence of this national partiality be considered as an additional tie, binding man to man, and calling forth

the good offices of such as can render them to the countryman who happens to need them, we think it must be found to exceed, as an active and efficient motive to generosity, that more impartial and wider principle of general benevolence, which we have sometimes seen pleaded as an excuse for assisting no individual whatever.

Mrs Bickerton, lady of the ascendant of the Seven Stars, in the Castle-gate, York, was deeply infected with the unfortunate prejudices of her country. Indeed, she displayed so much kindness to Jeanie Deans, (because, she herself, being a Merse woman, *marched* with Mid-Lothian, in which Jeanie was born,) shewed such motherly regard to her, and such anxiety for her farther progress, that Jeanie thought herself safe, though by temper sufficiently cautious, in communicating her whole story to her.

Mrs Bickerton raised her hands and eyes at the recital, and exhibited much wonder and pity. But she also gave some effectual good advice.

She required to know the strength of Jeanie's purse, reduced by her deposit at Libberton, and the necessary expence of her journey, to about fifteen pounds. «'This,' she said, «would do very well, providing she could carry it a' safe to London.»

«Safe?» answered Jeanie; «I'se warrant my carrying it safe, bating the needful expences.»

«Ay, but highwaymen, lassie,» said Mrs Bickerton; «for ye are come into a more civilized,

that is to say, a more dangerous country than the north, and how ye are to get forward, I do not profess to know. If ye could wait here eight days, our waggons would go up, and I would recommend you to Joe Broadwheel, who would see you safe to the Swan and two Necks. And dinna sneeze at Joe, if he should be for drawing up wi' you" (continued Mrs Bickerton, her acquired English mingling with her national and original dialect), "he's a handy boy, and a wanter, and no lad better thought o' on the road; and the English make good husbands enough, witness my poor man, Moses Bickerton, as is i' the kirk-yard."

Jeanie hastened to say, that she could not possibly wait for the setting forth of Joe Broadwheel, being internally by no means gratified with the idea of becoming the object of his attention during the journey.

"Aweel, lass," answered the good landlady, "then thou must pickle in thine ain poke-nook, and buckle thine girdle thine ain gate. But take my advice, and hide thy gold in thy stays, and keep a piece or two and some silver, in case thou be'st spoke withal; for there's as wud lads haunt within a day's walk from hence, as on the Braes of Doun in Perthshire. And, lass, thou maunna gang staring through Lunnon, asking wha kens Mrs Glass at the sign o' the Thistle; marry, they would laugh thee to scorn. But gang thou to this honest man," and she put a

direction into Jeanie's hand, «he kens maist part of the sponsible Scottish folks in the city, and he will find out your friend for thee.»

Jeanie took the little introductory letter with sincere thanks; but, something alarmed on the subject of the highway robbers, her mind recurred to what Ratcliffe had mentioned to her, and briefly relating the circumstances which placed a document so extraordinary in her hands, she put the paper he had given her into the hand of Mrs Bickerton.

The Lady of the Seven Stars did not, indeed, ring a bell, because such was not the fashion of the time, but she whistled on a silver-call, which was hung by her side, and a tight serving-maiden entered the room.

«Tell Dick Ostler to come here,» said Mrs Bickerton.

Dick Ostler accordingly made his appearance; —a queer, knowing, shambling animal, with a hatchet-face, a squint, a game-arm, and a limp.

«Dick Ostler, said Mrs Bickerton, in a tone of authority that showed she was (at least by adoption) Yorkshire too, «thou knowest most people and most things o' the road.»

«Eye, eye, God help me, mistress,» said Dick, shrugging his shoulders betwixt a repentant and a knowing expression — «Eye! I ha' know'd a thing'or twa i' ma day, mistress.» He looked sharp and laughed—looked grave and sighed, as one who was prepared to take the matter either way.

« Ken'st thou this wee bit paper amang the rest, man?» said Mrs Bickerton, handing him the protection which Ratcliffe had given Jeanie Deans.

When Dick had looked at the paper, he winked with one eye, extended his grotesque mouth from ear to ear, like a navigable canal, scratched his head powerfully, and then said, « Ken?—ay—maybe we ken summat, an it werena for harm to him, mistress?»

« None in the world,» said Mrs Bickerton; « only a dram of Hollands to thyself, man, an thou wilt speak.»

« Why then,» said Dick, giving the headband of his breeches a knowing hoist with one hand, and kicking out one foot behind him to accommodate the adjustment of that important habili-ment, « I dares to say the pass will be kenn'd weel aneugh on the road, an that be all.»

« But what sort of a lad was he?» said Mrs Bickerton, winking to Jeanie, as proud of her knowing ostler.

« Why, what ken I?—Jim the Rat—why he was Cock o' the North within this twelmonth—he and Scotch Wilson, Handie Dandie, as they called him—but he's been out o' this country a while, as I rackon; but ony gentleman, as keeps the road o' this side Stamford, will respect Jim's pass.»

Without asking farther questions, the land-lady filled Dick Ostler a bumper of Hollands.

He ducked with his head and shoulders, scraped with his more advanced hoof, bolted the alcohol, to use the learned phrase, and withdrew to his own domains.

“I would advise thee, Jeanie,” said Mrs Bickerton, “an thou meetest with ugly customers o’ the road, to show them this bit paper, for it will serve thee, assure thyself.”

A neat little supper concluded the evening. The exported Scotswoman, Mrs Bickerton by name, eat heartily of one or two seasoned dishes, drank some sound old ale, and a glass of stiff negus; while she gave Jeanie a history of her gout, admiring how it was possible that she, whose fathers and mothers for many generations had been farmers in Lammermuir, could have come by a disorder so totally unknown to them. Jeanie did not chuse to offend her friendly landlady, by speaking her mind on the probable origin of this complaint, but she thought on the flesh-pots of Egypt, and, in spite of all entreaties to better fare, made her evening meal upon vegetables, with a glass of fair water.

Mrs Bickerton assured her, that the acceptance of any reckoning was entirely out of the question, furnished her with credentials to her correspondent in London, and to several inns upon the road where she had some influence or interest, reminded her of the precautions she should adopt for concealing her money, and as she was to depart early in the morning,

Jeanie pursued her journey without farther

took leave of her very affectionately, taking her word that she would visit her on her return to Scotland, and tell her how she had managed, and that *summum bonum* for a gossip, « all how and about it.» This Jeanie faithfully promised.

CHAPTER IV.

And Need and Misery, Vice and Danger, bind,
In sad alliance, each degraded mind.

As our traveller set out early on the ensuing morning to prosecute her journey, and was in the act of leaving the inn-yard, Dick Ostler, who either had risen early or neglected to go to bed, either circumstance being equally incident to his calling, hollo'd out after her,—“The top of the morning to you, Moggie. Have a care o' Gunners'bury Hill, young one. Robin Hood's dead and gwone, but there be takers yet in the vale of Bever. Jeanie looked at him as if to request a further explanation, but, with a leer, a shuffle, and a shrug, inimitable, (unless by Emery,) Dick turned again to the raw-boned steed, which he was currying, and sung as he employed the comb and brush,—

“Robin Hood was a yeoman right good,
And his bow was of trusty yew;
And if Robin said stand on the King's lea-land,
Pray, why should not we say so too?”

Jeanie pursued her journey without further

enquiry, for there was nothing in Dick's manner that inclined her to prolong their conference. A painful day's journey brought her to Ferrybridge, the best inn, then and since, upon the great northern road; and an introduction from Mrs Bickerton, added to her own simple and quiet manners, so propitiated the landlady of the Swan in her favour, that the good dame procured her the convenient accommodation of a pillion and post-horse then returning to Tuxford, so that she accomplished, upon the second day after leaving York, the longest journey she had yet made. She was a good deal fatigued by a mode of travelling to which she was less accustomed than to walking, and it was considerably later than usual on the ensuing morning that she felt herself able to resume her pilgrimage. At noon the hundred-armed Trent, and the blackened ruins of Newark Castle, demolished in the great civil war, lay before her. It may easily be supposed, that Jeanie had no curiosity to make antiquarian researches, but, entering the town, went straight to the inn to which she had been directed at Ferrybridge. While she procured some refreshment, she observed the girl who brought it to her, looked at her several times with fixed and peculiar interest, and at last, to her infinite surprise, enquired if her name was not Deans, and if she was not a Scotchwoman, going to London upon justice business. Jeanie, with all her simplicity of character, had some of the caution of her country,

and, according to Scottish universal custom, she answered the question by another, requesting the girl would tell her why she asked these questions?

The Maritornes of the Saracen's Head, Newark, replied, « Two women had passed that morning, who had made enquiries after one Jeanie Deans, travelling to London on such an errand, and could scarce be persuaded that she had not passed on.»

Much surprised, and somewhat alarmed, (for what is inexplicable is usually alarming,) Jeanie questioned the wench about the particular appearance of these two women, but could only learn that the one was aged, and the other young; that the latter was the taller, and that the former spoke most, and seemed to maintain an authority over her companion, and that both spoke with the Scottish accent.

This conveyed no information whatever, and with an indescribable presentiment of evil designed towards her, Jeanie adopted the resolution of taking post-horses for the next stage. In this, however, she could not be gratified; some accidental circumstances had occasioned what is called a run upon the road, and the landlord could not accommodate her with a guide and horses. After waiting some time, in hopes that a pair of horses that had gone southward would return in time for her use, she at length, feeling ashamed of her own pusillanimity, resolved to prosecute her journey in her usual manner,

“It was all plain road,” she was assured, “except a high mountain called Gunners’bury Hill, about three miles from Grantham, which was her stage for the night.”

“I’m glad to hear there’s a hill,” said Jeanie, “for baith my sight and my very feet are weary o’ sic tracks o’ level ground—it looks a’ the way between this and York as if a’ the land had been trenched and levelled, whilk is very wearisome to my Scots een. When I lost sight of a muckle blue hill they ca’ Ingleboro’, I thought I hadna a friend left in this strange land.”

“As for the matter of that, young woman,” said mine host, “an you be so fond o’ hill, I carena an thou couldst carry Gunners’bury away with thee in thy lap, for it’s a murther to post-horses. But here’s to thy journey, and may’st thou win well through it, for thou is a bold and a canny lass.”

So saying, he took a powerful pull at a solemn tankard of home-brewed ale.

“I hope there is nae bad company on the road, sir?” said Jeanie.

“Why, when it’s clean without them I’ll thatch Groby pool wi’ pancakes. But there arena sae mony now; and since they hae lost Jim the Rat, they hold together no better than the men of Marsham when they lost their common. Take a drop ere thou goest,” he concluded, offering her the tankard; “thou wilt get naething at night save Grantham gruel, nine grots, and a gallon of water.”

Jeanie courteously declined the tankard, and enquired what was her «lawing?»

«Thy lawing? Heaven help thee, wench, what ca'st thou that?»

«It is — I was wanting to ken what was to pay,» replied Jeanie.

«Pay? Lord help thee! — why nought, woman — we hae drawn no liquor but a gill o' beer, and the Saracen's Head can spare a mouthful o' meat to a stranger like o' thee, that cannot speak Christian language. So here's to thee once more. The same again, quoth Mark of Bellgrave,» and he took another profound pull at the tankard.

The travellers who have visited Newark more lately, will not fail to remember the remarkable civil and gentlemanly manners of the person who now keeps the principal inn there, and may find some amusement in contrasting them with those of his more rough predecessor. But we believe it will be found that the polish has worn off none of the real worth of the metal.

Taking leave of her Lincolnshire Gaius, Jeanie resumed her solitary walk, and was somewhat alarmed when evening and twilight overtook her in the open ground which extends to the foot of Gunners'bury Hill, and is intersected with patches of copse and with swampy spots. The extensive commons on the north road, most of which are now enclosed, and in general a relaxed state of police, exposed the traveller to a highway robbery in a degree which is now unknown, excepting in the immediate vicinity of

the metropolis. Aware of this circumstance, Jeanie mended her pace when she heard the trampling of a horse behind, and instinctively drew to one side of the road, as if to allow as much room for the rider to pass as might be possible. When the animal came up, she found that it was bearing two women, the one placed on a side-saddle, the other on a pillion behind her, as may be still occasionally seen in England.

“A braw gude-night to ye, Jeanie Deans,” said the foremost female as the horse passed our heroine; “What think ye o’ yon bonny hill yonder, lifting its brow to the moon? Trow ye yon’s the gate to Heaven, that ye are sae fain of?—maybe we will win there the night yet, God sain us, though our minny here’s rather driegh in the upgang.”

The speaker kept changing her seat in the saddle, and half-stopping the horse, as she brought her body round, while the woman that sate behind her on the pillion seemed to urge her on in words which Jeanie heard but imperfectly.

“Haud your tongue, ye moon-raised b——, what is your business with or with heaven or hell either?”

“Troth, mither, no muckle wi’ heaven, I doubt, considering wha I carry ahint me—and as for hell, it will fight its ain battle at its ain time, I’se be bound.—Come, naggie, trot awa’, man, an as thou wert a broomstick, for a witch rides thee—

• With my curtch on my foot, and my shoe on my hand,
I glance like the wildfire through brugh and through land.'•

The tramp of the horse, and the increasing distance, drowned the rest of her song, but Jeanie heard for some time the inarticulate sounds ring along the waste,

Our pilgrim remained stupified with undefined apprehensions. The being named by her name in so wild a manner, and in a strange country, without further explanation or communing, by a person who thus strangely flitted forward and disappeared before her, came near to the supernatural sounds in Comus:—

« The airy tongues, which syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.»

And although widely different in features, deportment, and rank, from the lady of that enchanting masque, the continuation of the passage may be happily applied to Jeanie Deans upon this singular alarm:—

« These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong-siding champion—Conscience.»

In fact, it was, with the recollection of the affectionate and dutiful errand on which she was engaged, her right, if such a word could be applicable, to expect protection in a task so meri-

torious. She had not advanced much farther, with a mind calmed by these reflections, when she was disturbed by a new and more instant subject of terror. Two men, who had been lurking among some copse, started up as she advanced, and met her on the road in a menacing manner. "Stand and deliver," said one of them, a short stout fellow, in a smock-frock, such as are worn by waggoners.

"The woman," said the other, a tall thin figure, "does not understand the words of action.—Your money, my precious, or your life."

"I have but very little money, gentlemen," said poor Jeanie, tendering that portion which she had separated from her principal stock, and kept apart for such an emergency; "but if you are resolved to have it, to be sure you must have it."

"This won't do, my girl. D—n me, if it shall pass," said the shorter ruffian; "do ye think gentlemen are to hazard their lives on the road to be cheated in this way? We'll have every farthing you have got, or we will strip you to the skin, curse me."

His companion, who seemed to have something like compassion for the horror which Jeanie's countenance now expressed, said, "No, no, Tom, this is one of the precious sisters, and we'll take her word, for once, without putting her to the stripping proof.—Hark ye, my lass, if you'll look up to Heaven, and say, this is the last penny you have about ye, why, hang it, we'll let you pass."

« I am not free, » answered Jeanie, « to say what I have about me, gentlemen, for there's life and death depends on my journey ; but if you leave me as much as finds me in bread and water, I'll be satisfied, and thank you, and pray for you. »

« D—n your prayers, » said the shorter fellow, « that's a coin that won't pass with us ; » and at the same time made a motion to seize her.

« Stay, gentlemen, » Ratcliffe's pass suddenly occurring to her ; « perhaps you know this paper. »

« What devil is she after now, Frank ? » said the more savage ruffian—« Do you look at it, for, d—n me, if I could read it, if it were for the benefit of my clergy. »

« This is a jark from Jim Ratcliffe, » said the taller, having looked at the bit of paper. « The wench must pass by our cutter's law. »

« I say no, » answered his companion ; « Rat has left the lay and turned blood-hound, they say. »

« We may need a good turn from him all the same, » said the taller ruffian again.

« But what are we to do then ? » said the shorter man. — « We promised, you know, to strip the wench, and send her begging back to her own beggarly country, and now you are for letting her go on. »

« I did not say that, » said the other fellow, and whispered to his companion, who replied, « Be alive about it then, and don't keep chattering till some travellers come up to nab us. »

“ You must follow us off the road, young woman,” said the taller.

“ For the love of God !” exclaimed Jeanie, “ as you were born of woman, dinna ask me to leave the road ; rather take all I have in the world.”

“ What the devil is the wench afraid of ?” said the other fellow. “ I tell you you shall come to no harm ; but if you will not leave the road and come with us, d—n me, but I’ll beat your brains out where you stand.”

“ Thou art a rough bear, Tom,” said his companion.—“ An ye touch her, I’ll give ye a shake by the collar shall make the Leicester beans rattle in thy guts.—Never mind him, girl, I will not allow him to lay a finger on you, if you walk quietly on with us ; but if you keep jabbering there, d—n me, but I’ll leave him to settle it with you.”

This threat conveyed all that is terrible to the imagination of poor Jeanie, who saw in him that “ was of milder mood” her only protection from the most brutal treatment. She, therefore, not only followed him, but even held him by the sleeve, lest he should escape from her ; and the fellow, hardened as he was, seemed something touched by those marks of confidence, and repeatedly assured her, that he would suffer her to receive no harm.

They conducted their prisoner in a direction leading more and more from the public road, but she observed that they kept a sort of track or bye-path, which relieved her from part of her

apprehensions, which would have been greatly increased had they not seemed to follow a determined and ascertained route. After about half an hour's walking, all three in profound silence, they approached an old barn, which stood on the edge of some cultivated ground, but remote from every thing like a habitation. It was itself, however, tenanted, for there was light in the windows.

One of the foot-pads scratched at the door, which was opened by a female, and they entered with their unhappy prisoner. An old woman, who was preparing food by the assistance of a stifling fire of lighted charcoal, asked them, in the name of the devil, what they brought the wench there for, and why they did not strip her and turn her abroad on the common?

"Come, come, Mother Blood," said the tall man, "we'll do what's right to oblige you, and we'll do no more; we are bad enough, but not such as you would make us—devils incarnate."

"She has got a *jark* from Jim Ratcliffe," said the short fellow, "and Frank here won't hear of our putting her through the mill."

"No, that will I not, by G—d," answered Frank; "but if old Mother Blood could keep her here for a little while, or send her back to Scotland without hurting her, why, I see no harm in that—not I."

"I'll tell you what, Frank Levitt," said the old woman, "if you call me Mother Blood again, I'll paint this gulley (and she held a knife up as if

about to make good her threat,) in the best blood in your body, my bonnie boy."

"The price of ointment must be up in the north," said Frank, "that puts Mother Blood so much out of humour."

Without a moment's hesitation the fury darted her knife at him with the vengeful dexterity of a wild Indian. As he was on his guard, he avoided the missile by a sudden motion of his head, but it whistled past his ear, and stuck in the clay wall of a partition behind.

"Come, come, mother," said the robber, seizing her by both wrists, "I shall teach you who's master;" and so saying, he forced the hag backwards by main force, who strove vehemently until she sunk on a bunch of straw, and then letting go her hands, he held up his finger towards her in the menacing posture by which a maniac is intimidated by his keeper. It appeared to produce the desired effect; for she did not attempt to rise from the seat on which he had placed her, or to resume any measures of actual violence, but wrung her withered hands with impotent rage, and brayed and howled like a demoniac.

"I will keep my promise with you, you old devil," said Frank; "the wench shall not go forward on the London road, but I will not have you touch a hair of her head, if it were but for your insolence."

This intimation seemed to compose in some degree the vehement passion of the old hag; and

while her exclamations and howls sunk into a low, maundering, growling tone of voice, another personage was added to this singular party.

« Eh, Frank Levitt, » said this new-comer, who entered with a hop, step, and jump, which at once conveyed her from the door into the centre of the party, « were ye killing our mother? or were ye cutting the grunter's weasand that Tam brought in this morning? or have ye been reading your prayers backward, to bring up my auld acquaintance the de'il amang ye? »

The tone of the speaker was so particular, that Jeanie immediately recognised the woman who had rode foremost of the pair which passed her just before she met the robbers; a circumstance which greatly increased her terror, as it served to shew that the mischief designed against her was premeditated, though by whom, or for what cause, she was totally at a loss to conjecture. From the style of her conversation, the reader also may probably acknowledge, in this female, an old acquaintance in the earlier part of our narrative.

« Out, ye mad devil, » said Tom, whom she had disturbed in the middle of a draught of some liquor with which he had found means of accommodating himself; « betwixt your Bess of Bedlam pranks, and your dam's frenzies, a man might live quieter in the devil's ken than here. » —And he again resumed the broken jug out of which he had been drinking.

« And wha's this o't? » said the mad woman,

dancing up to Jeanie Deans, who, although in great terror, yet watched the scene with a resolution to let nothing pass unnoticed which might be serviceable in assisting her to escape, or informing her as to the true nature of her situation, and the danger attending it,—“Wha’s this o’t!” again exclaimed Madge Wildfire. “Douce Davie Deans, the auld doited whig body’s daughter in a gypsy’s barn, and the night setting in; this is a sight for sair een!—Eh sirs, the falling off o’ the godly!—And the t’other sister’s in the Tolbooth at Edinburgh; I am very sorry for her, for my share—it’s my mother wusses ill to her, and no me—though maybe I hae as muckle cause.”

“Hark ye, Madge,” said the taller ruffian, “you have not such a touch of the devil’s blood as the hag your mother, who may be his dam for what I know—take this young woman to your kennel, and do not let the devil enter, though he should ask in God’s name.”

“Ou ay; that I will, Frank,” said Madge, taking hold of Jeanie by the arm, and pulling her along; “for it’s no for decent Christian young leddies, like her and me, to be keeping the like o’ you and Tyburn Tam company at this time o’ night. Sae gude e’en t’ye, sirs, and mony o’ them; and may ye a’ sleep till the hangman wauken ye, and then it will be weel for the country.”

She then, as her wild fancy seemed suddenly to prompt her, walked demurely towards her mother, who, seated by the charcoal fire, with

the reflection of the red light on her withered and distorted features marked by every evil passion, seemed the very picture of Hecate at her infernal rites; and suddenly dropping on her knees, said, with the manner of a child six years old, «Mammie, hear me say my prayers before I go to bed, and say God bless my bonny face, as ye used to do lang syne.»

«The de'il fley the hide o' it to sole his brogues wi',» said the old lady, aiming a buffet at the suppliant, in answer to her duteous request.

The blow missed Madge, who, being probably acquainted by experience with the mode in which her mother was wont to confer her maternal benedictions, slipt out of arm's length with great dexterity and quickness. The hag then started up, and, seizing a pair of old fire-tongs, would have amended her motion, by beating out the brains either of her daughter or Jeanie, (she did not seem greatly to care which), when her hand was once more arrested by the man whom they called Frank Levitt, who, seizing her by the shoulder, flung her from him with great violence, exclaiming, «What, Mother Damnable—again, and in my sovereign presence!—Hark ye, Madge of Bedlam, get to your hole with your play-fellow, or we shall have the devil to pay here and nothing to pay him with.»

Madge took Levitt's advice, retreating as fast as she could, and dragging Jeanie along with her into a sort of recess, partitioned off from the rest of the barn, and filled with straw, from which

it appeared that it was intended for the purpose of slumber. The moon-light shone through an open hole upon a pillion, a pack-saddle, and one or two wallets, the travelling furniture of Madge and her amiable mother. — “Now, saw ye e’er in your life,” said Madge, “sae dainty a chamber of deas? see as the moon shines down sae caller on the fresh strae! There’s no a pleasanter cell in Bedlam, for as braw a place as it is on the outside. — Were ye ever in Bedlam?”

“No;” answered Jeanie faintly, appalled by the question, and the way in which it was put, yet willing to sooth her insane companion, being in circumstances so unhappily precarious, that even the society of this gibbering mad-woman seemed a species of protection.

“Never in Bedlam!” said Madge, as if with some surprise. — “But ye’ll hae been in the cells at Edinburgh?”

“Never,” repeated Jeanie.

“Weel, I think thae daft carles the magistrates send naebody to Bedlam but me—they maun hae an unco respect for me, for whenever I am brought to them, they aye hae me back to Bedlam. But troth, Jeanie,” (she said this in a very confidential tone,) to tell ye my private mind about it, I think ye are at nae great loss; for the keeper’s a cross patch, and he maun hae it a’ his ain gate, to be sure, or he makes the place waur than hell. I often tell him he’s the daftest in a’ the house. — But what are they making sic a

skirling for?—De'il ane o' them's get in here—it wadna be mensefu'! I will sit wi' my back again the door; it winna be that easy stirring me.»

«Madge!» — «Madge!» — «Madge Wildfire!» — «Madge devil! what have ye done with the horse?» was repeatedly asked by the men without.

«He's at his supper, puir thing,» answered Madge; «de'il an ye were at yours, an it were scauding brimstane, and then we wad hae less o' your din.»

«His supper?» answered the more sulky ruffian — «What d'ye mean by that? — Tell me where he is, or I will knock your Bedlam brains out?»

«He's in Gaffer Gabblewood's wheat-close, an ye maun ken.»

«His wheat-close, you crazed jilt!» answered the other, with an accent of great indignation.

«O, dear Tyburn Tam, man, what ill will the blades of the young wheat do to the puir nag!»

«That is not the question,» said the other robber; «but what the country will say to us to-morrow, when they see him in such quarters.—Go, Tom, and bring him in; and avoid the soft ground, my lad; leave no hoof-track behind you.»

«I think you give me always the fag of it, whatever is to be done,» grumbled his companion.

“Leap, Laurence, you’re long enough,” said the other; and the fellow left the barn accordingly, without farther remonstrance.

In the meanwhile, Madge had arranged herself for repose on the straw; but still in a half-sitting posture, with her back resting against the door of the hovel, which, as it opened inwards, was in this manner kept shut by the weight of her person.

“There’s mair shifts bye stealing, Jeanie,” said Madge Wildfire; “though whiles I can hardly get our mother to think sae. Whae wad hae thought but mysel of making a bolt of my ain back-bane! But it’s no sae strong as thae that I hae seen in the Tolbooth at Edinburgh. The hammermen of Edinburgh to my mind afore the world for making stancheons, ring-bolts, fetter-bolts, bars, and locks. And they arena that bad at girdles for carcakes neither; though the Cu’ross hammermen have the gree for that. My mother had ance a bonny Cu’ross girdle, and I thought to have baked carcakes on it for my puir wean that’s dead and gane, nae fair way—but we maun a’ dee, ye ken, Jeanie—You Cameronian bodies ken that brawlies; and ye’re for making a hell upon earth that ye may be less unwillin to part wi’ it. But as touching Bedlam that ye were speaking about, I’se ne’er recommend it muckle the tae gate or the tother, be it right—be it wrang. But ye ken what the sang says.” And, pursuing the unconnected and floating wanderings of her mind, she sung aloud—

« In the bonnie cells of Bedlam,
Ere I was ane and twenty,
I had hempen bracelets strong,
And merry whips, ding-dong,
And prayer and fasting plenty.»

« Weel, Jeanie, I am something herse the night, and I canna sing muckle mair; and troth, I think, I am gaun to sleep.»

She drooped her head on her breast, a posture from which Jeanie, who would have given the world for an opportunity of quiet to consider the means and the probability of her escape, was very careful not to disturb her. After nodding, however, for a minute or two, with her eyes half closed, the unquiet and restless spirit of her malady again assailed Madge. She raised her head, and spoke, but with a lowered tone, which was again gradually overcome by drowsiness, to which the fatigue of a day's journey on horseback had probably given unwonted occasion, — « I dinna ken what makes me sae sleepy—I amaist never sleep till my bonny Lady Moon gangs till her bed—mair by token, when she's at the full, ye ken, rowing aboon us yonder in her grand silver coach—I have danced to her my lane sometimes for very joy—and whiles dead folk came and danced wi' me—the like o' Jock Porteous, or ony body I had kenn'd when I was living—for ye maun ken I was ance dead mysel.» Here the poor maniac sung in a low and wild tone,

« My banes are buried in yon kirk-yard
Sae far ayont the sea,
And it is but my blithsome ghaist
That's speaking now to thee.

« But after a', Jeanie, my woman, naeboddy kens weel wha's living and wha's dead—or wha's gane to Fairyland—there's another question. Whiles I think my puir bairn's dead—ye ken very weel it's buried—but that signifies naething. I have had it on my knee a hundred times, and a hundred till that, since it was buried—and how could that be were it dead, ye ken—it's merely impossible.»—And here, some conviction half-overcoming the reveries of her imagination, she burst into a fit of crying and ejaculation, «Waes me! waes me! waes me!» till at length she moaned and sobbed herself into a deep sleep, which was soon intimated by her breathing hard, leaving Jeanie to her own melancholy reflections and observations.

CHAPTER V.

Bind her quickly; or, by this steel,
I'll tell, although I truss for company.

FLETCHER.

THE imperfect light which shone into the window enabled Jeanie to see that there was scarcely any chance of making her escape in that direction, for the aperture was high in the wall, and so narrow, that, could she have climbed up to it, she might well doubt whether it would have permitted her to pass her body through it. An unsuccessful attempt to escape would be sure to draw down worse treatment than she now received, and she, therefore, resolved to watch her opportunity carefully ere making such a perilous effort. For this purpose she applied herself to the ruinous clay partition, which divided the hovel in which she now was from the rest of the waste barn. It was decayed and full of cracks and chinks, one of which she enlarged with her fingers, cautiously and without noise, until she could obtain a plain view of the old hag and the taller ruffian, whom they called Levitt,

seated together beside the decayed fire of charcoal, and apparently engaged in close conference. She was at first terrified by the sight, for the features of the old woman had a hideous cast of hardened and inveterate malice and ill-humour, and those of the man, though naturally less unfavourable, were such as corresponded well with licentious habits, and a lawless profession.

“But I remembered,” said Jeanie, “my worthy father’s tales of a winter evening, how he was confined with the blessed martyr Mr James Renwick, who lifted up the fallen standard of the true reformed Kirk of Scotland, after the worthy and renowned Daniel Cameron, our last blessed bannerman, had fallen among the swords of the wicked at Aird-moss, and how the very hearts of the wicked malefactors and murtherers, whom they were confined withal, were melted like wax at the sound of their doctrine: and I bethought mysel, that the same help that was wi’ them in their strait, wad be wi’ me in mine, an I could but watch the Lord’s time and opportunity for delivering my feet from their snare; and I minded the Scripture of the blessed Psalmist, whilk he insisteth on, as weel in the forty-second as in the forty-third Psalm, ‘Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope in God, for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.’”

Strengthened in a mind naturally calm, sedate, and firm, by the influence of religious confidence,

this poor captive was enabled to attend to, and comprehend, a great part of an interesting conversation which passed betwixt those into whose hands she had fallen, notwithstanding that their meaning was partly disguised by the occasional use of cant terms, of which Jeanie knew not the import, by the low tone in which they spoke, and by their mode of supplying their broken phrases by shrugs and signs, as is usual amongst those of their disorderly profession.

The man opened the conversation by saying, "Now, dame, you see I am true to my friend.—I have not forgot that you *planked a chury*,* which helped me through the bars of the Castle of York, and I came to do your work without asking questions, for one good turn deserves another. But now that Madge, who is as loud as Tom of Lincoln, is somewhat still, and this same Tyburn Neddie is shaking his heels after the old nag, why you must tell me what all this is about, and what's to be done—for d--n me if I touch the girl, or let her be touched, and she with Jim Rat's pass too."

"Thou art an honest lad, Frank," answered the old woman, "but e'en too kind for thy trade; thy tender heart will get thee into trouble. I will see ye gang up Holbourn Hill backward, and a' on the word of some silly loon that could never hae rapped to ye had ye drawn your knife across his weasand."

* Concealed a knife.

“You may be baulked there, old one,” answered the robber; “I have known many a pretty lad cut short in his first summer upon the road, because he was something hasty with his flats and sharps. Besides, a man would fain live out his two years with a good conscience. So, tell me what all this is about, and what’s to be done for you that one can do decently.”

“Why, you must know, Frank—but first taste a snap of right Hollands.” She drew a flask from her pocket, and filled the fellow a large bumper, which he pronounced to be the right thing.—“You must know then, Frank—wunna ye mend your hand?” again offering the flask.

“No, no—when a woman wants mischief from you she always begins by filling you drunk.—D—n all Dutch courage.—What I do I will do soberly—I’ll last the longer for that too.”

“Well, then, you must know,” resumed the old woman, without any farther attempts at propitiation, “that this girl is going to London.”

Here Jeanie could only distinguish the word sister.

The robber answered in a louder tone, “Fair enough that; and what the devil is your business with it?”

“Business enough, I think. If the b—queers the noose, that silly cull will marry her.”

“And who cares if he does,” said the man.

“Who cares, ye donnard Neddie? I care; and I will strangle her with my own hands, rather than she should come to Madge’s preferment.”

« Madge's preferment! Does your old blind eyes see no farther than that? If he is as you say, dy'e think he'll ever marry a moon-calf like Madge? Ecod that's a good one—Marry Madge Wildfire!»

« Hark ye, ye crack-rope padder, born beggar and bred thief! suppose he never marries the wench, is that a reason he should marry another, and that other to hold my daughter's place, and she crazed, and I a beggar, and all along of him? But I know that of him will hang him—I know that of him will hang him, if he had a thousand lives—I know that of him will hang—hang—hang him!»

She grinned as she repeated and dwelt upon the fatal monosyllable, with the emphasis of a vindictive fiend.

« Then why don't you hang—hang—hang him?» said Frank, repeating her words contemptuously. « There would be more sense in that, than in wreaking yourself here upon two wenches that have done you and your daughter no ill.»

« No ill?» answered the old woman—« and he to marry this jail-bird, if ever she gets her foot loose!»

« But as there is no chance of his marrying a bird of your brood, I cannot, for my soul, see what you have to do with all this,» again replied the robber, shrugging his shoulders. « Where there is ought to be got, I'll go as far as my neighbours, but I hate mischief for mischief's sake.»

“And would you go nae length for revenge?” said the hag—“for revenge, the sweetest morsel to the mouth that ever was cooked in hell!”

“The devil may keep it for his own eating then,” said the robber; “for hang me if I like the sauce he dresses it with.”

“Revenge!” continued the old woman; “why it is the best reward the devil gives us for our time here and hereafter. I have wrought hard for it—I have suffered for it, and I have sinned for it—and I will have it,—or there is neither justice in heaven nor in hell!”

Levitt had by this time lighted a pipe, and was listening with great composure to the frantic and vindictive ravings of the old hag. He was too much hardened by his course of life to be shocked with them—too indifferent, and probably too stupid, to catch any part of their animation or energy. “But, mother,” he said, after a pause, “still I say, that if revenge is your wish, you should take it on the young fellow himself.”

“I wish I could,” she said, drawing in her breath, with the eagerness of a thirsty person while mimicking the action of drinking—“I wish I could—but no—I cannot—I cannot.”

“And why not?—You would think little of peaching and hanging him for this Scotch affair.—Rat me, one might have milled the Bank of England, and less noise about it.”

“I have nursed him at this withered breast,” answered the old woman, folding her hands on her bosom, as if pressing an infant to it, “and

though he has proved an adder to me—though he has been the destruction of me and mine—though he has made me company for the devil, if there be a devil, and food for hell, if there be such a place, yet I cannot take his life—No, I cannot,” she continued, with an appearance of rage against herself; “I have thought of it—I have tried it—but, Francis Levitt, I canna gang through wi’t!—Na, na—he was the first bairn I ever nurst—ill I had been—and man can never ken what woman feels for the bairn she has held first to her bosom.”

“To be sure,” said Levitt, “we have no experience; but, mother, they say you ha’nt been so kind to other *bairns*, as you call them, that have come in your way.—Nay, d—n me, never lay your hand on the whittle, for I am captain and leader here, and I will have no rebellion.”

The hag, whose first motion had been, upon hearing the question, to grasp the haft of a large knife, now unclosed her hand, stole it away from the weapon, and suffered it to fall by her side, while she proceeded with a sort of smile—“Bairns! ye are joking, lad, wha wad touch bairns? Madge, puir thing, had a misfortune wi’ ane—and the t’other”—Here her voice sunk so much, that Jeanie, though anxiously upon the watch, could not catch a word she said, until she raised her tone at the conclusion of the sentence—“so Madge, in her daffin’, threw it into the Nor’-Loch, I trow.”

Madge, whose slumbers, like those of most

who labour under mental malady, had been short and were easily broken, now made herself heard from her place of repose.

« Indeed, mother, that's a great lie, for I did nae sic thing.»

« Hush, thou hellicat devil,» said her mother — « By Heaven! the other wench will be waking too.»

« That may be dangerous,» said Frank, and he rose and followed Meg Murdockson across the floor.

« Rise, said the hag to her daughter, « or I sall drive the knife between the planks into the Bedlam-back of thee!»

Apparently she at the same time seconded her threat by pricking her with the point of a knife, for Madge, with a faint scream, changed her place, and the door opened.

The old woman held a candle in one hand, and a knife in the other. Levitt appeared behind her; whether with a view of preventing, or assisting her in any violence she might meditate, could not be well guessed. Jeanie's presence of mind stood her friend in this dreadful crisis. She had resolution enough to maintain the attitude and manner of one who sleeps profoundly, and to regulate even her breathing, notwithstanding the agitation of instant terror, so as to correspond with her attitude.

The old woman passed the light across her eyes; and although Jeanie's fears were so power-

fully awakened by this movement, that she often declared afterwards, that she thought she saw the figures of her destined murderers through her closed eyelids, she had still the resolution to maintain the feint on which her safety, perhaps, depended.

Levitt looked at her with fixed attention; he then turned the old woman out of the place, and followed her himself. Having regained the outer apartment, and seated themselves, Jeanie heard the highwayman say, to her no small relief, «She's as fast as if she were in Bedfordshire.—Now, old Meg, d—n me, if I can understand a glim of this story of yours, or what good it will do you to hang the one wench, and torment the other; but, rat ye, I will be true to my friend, and serve ye the way ye like it. I see it will be a bad job; but I do think I could get her down to Surfleet on the Wash, and so on board Tom Moonshine's neat lugger, and keep her out of the way three or four weeks, if that will please ye?—But d—n me if any one shall harm her, unless they have a mind to choke on a brace of blue plums.—It's a cruel bad job, and I wish you and it, Meg, were both at the devil.»

«Never mind, hinny Levitt,» said the old woman; «you are a ruffler, and will have a' your ain gate—She shanna gang to heaven an hour sooner for me; I carena whether she live or die—it's her sister—ay, her sister!»

«Well, we'll say no more about it, I hear Tom

coming in. We'll couch a hogshead,* and so better had you." They retired to repose, accordingly, and all was silent in this asylum of iniquity.

Jeanie lay for a long time awake. At break of day she heard the two ruffians leave the barn, after whispering with the old woman for some time. The sense that she was now guarded only by persons of her own sex, gave her some confidence, and irresistible lassitude at length threw her into slumber.

When the captive awakened, the sun was high in heaven, and the morning considerably advanced. Madge Wildfire was still in the hovel which had served them for the night, and immediately bid her good morning, with her usual air of insane glee. "And d'ye ken, lass," said Madge, "there's queer things chanced since ye hae been in the land of Nod. The constables hae been here, woman, and they met wi' my minnie at the door, and they whirled her awa' to the Justice's about the man's wheat.—Dear! thae English churles think as muckle about a blade of wheat or grass, as a Scots laird does about his maukins and his muirpoots. Now, lass, if ye like, we'll play them a fine jink; we will awa' out and take a walk—they will make unco wark when they miss us, but we can easily be back by dinner time, or before dark night at ony rate, and it will be some frolic and fresh air.—But

* Lay ourselves down to sleep.

maybe ye wad like to take some breakfast, and then lie down again; I ken by mysel, there's whiles I can sit wi' my head on my hand the hale day, and havena a word to cast at a dog—and other whiles that I canna sit still a moment. That's when the folk think me warst, but I am aye canny enough—ye needna be feared to walk wi' me.”

Had Madge Wildfire been the most raging lunatic, instead of possessing a doubtful, uncertain, and twilight sort of rationality, varying, probably, from the influence of the most trivial causes, Jeanie would hardly have objected to leave a place of captivity where she had so much to apprehend. She eagerly assured Madge that she had no occasion for farther sleep, no desire whatever for eating; and hoping internally that she was not guilty of sin in doing so, she flattered her keeper's crazy humour for walking in the woods.

“It's no a'thegither for that neither,” said poor Madge; “but I am judging ye will wun the better out o' thae folk's hands; no that they are a'thegither bad folks neither, but they have queer ways wi' them, and I whiles dinna think it has been ever very weel wi' my mother and me since we kept sic like company.”

With the haste, the joy, the fear, and the hope of a liberated captive, Jeanie snatched up her little bundle, followed Madge into the free air, and eagerly looked round her for a human habitation; but none was to be seen. The

ground was partly cultivated, and partly left in its natural state, according as the fancy of the slovenly agriculturists had decided. In its natural state, it was waste, in some places covered with dwarf trees and bushes, in others swamp, and elsewhere firm and dry downs or pasture grounds.

Jeanie's active mind next led her to conjecture which way the high road lay, whence she had been forced. If she regained that public road, she imagined she must soon meet some person, or arrive at some house, where she might tell her story, and request protection. But after a glance around her, she saw with regret that she had no means whatever of directing her course with any degree of certainty, and that she was still in dependence upon her crazy companion. "Shall we not walk upon the high road?" said she to Madge, in such a tone as a nurse uses to coax a child. "It's brawer walking on the road than amang thae wild bushes and whins."

Madge, who was walking very fast, stopped at this question, and looked at Jeanie with a sudden and scrutinizing glance that seemed to indicate complete acquaintance with her purpose. "Aha, lass!" she exclaimed, "are ye gaun to guide us that gate?—Ye'll be for making your heels save your head, I am judging."

Jeanie hesitated for a moment, at hearing her companion thus express herself, whether she had not better take the hint, and try to outstrip

and get rid of her. But she knew not in which direction to fly; she was by no means sure that she would prove the swiftest, and perfectly conscious that, in the event of her being pursued and overtaken, she would be inferior to the mad-woman in strength. She therefore gave up thoughts for the present of attempting to escape in that manner, and, saying a few words to allay Madge's suspicions, she followed in anxious apprehension the wayward path by which her guide thought proper to lead her. Madge, infirm of purpose, and easily reconciled to the present scene, whatever it was, began soon to talk with her usual diffuseness of ideas.

«It's a dainty thing to be in the woods of a fine morning like this—I like it far better than the town, for there isna a wheen duddie bairns to be crying after ane, as if ane were a warld's wonder, just because ane maybe is a thought bonnier and better put-on than their neighbours—though, Jeanie, ye suld never be proud o' braw claiths, or beauty neither—waes me! they're but a snare.—I anes thought better o' them, and what came o't?»

«Are ye sure ye ken the way ye are taking us?» said Jeanie, who began to imagine that she was getting deeper into the woods, and more remote from the high road.

«Do I ken the road?—Wasna I mony a day living here, and what for shouldna I ken the road?—I might hae forgotten too, for it was afore my accident; but there are some things ane

can never forget, let them try it as muckle as they like.”

By this time they had gained the deepest part of a patch of woodland. The trees were a little separated from each other, and at the foot of one of them, a beautiful poplar, was a hillock of moss, such as the poet of Grasmere has described in the motto to our chapter. So soon as she arrived at this spot, Madge Wildfire, joining her hands above her head, with a loud scream that resembled laughter, flung herself all at once upon the spot, and remained lying there motionless.

Jeanie's first idea was to take the opportunity of flight; but her desire to escape yielded for a moment to apprehension for the poor insane being, who, she thought, might perish for want of relief. With an effort, which, in her circumstances, might be termed heroic, she stooped down, spoke in a soothing tone, and endeavoured to raise up the forlorn creature. She effected this with difficulty, and, as she placed her against the tree in a sitting posture, she observed with surprise, that her complexion, usually florid, was now deadly pale, and that her face was bathed in tears. Notwithstanding her own extreme danger, Jeanie was affected by the situation of her companion; and the rather, that through the whole train of her wavering and inconsistent state of mind and line of conduct, she discerned a general colour of kindness towards herself, for which she felt gratitude.

«Let me alane!—let me alane!» said the poor young woman, as her paroxysm of sorrow began to abate—«Let me alane—it does me good to weep. I canna shed tears, but maybe anes or twice a-year, and I aye come to wet this turf with them, that the flowers may grow fair, and the grass may be green.»

«But what is the matter with you?» said Jeanie «Why do you weep so bitterly?»

«There's matter enow,» replied the lunatic, —«mair than ae puir mind can bear, I trow. Stay a bit, and I'll tell you a' about it; for I like ye, Jeanie Deans—a' body spoke weel about ye when we lived in the Pleasaunts—And I mind aye the drink o' milk ye gae me yon day, when I had been on Arthur's Seat for four-and-twenty hours, looking for the ship that somebody was sailing in.»

These words recalled to Jeanie's recollection, that, in fact, she had been one morning much frightened by meeting a crazy young woman near her father's house at an early hour, and that as she appeared to be harmless, her apprehension had been changed into pity, and she had relieved the unhappy wanderer with some food, which she devoured with the haste of a famished person. The incident, trifling in itself, was at present of great importance, if it should be found to have made a favourable and permanent impression in her favour on the mind of the object of her charity.

«Yes,» said Madge, «I'll tell ye a' about it, for

ye are a decent man's daughter—Douce Davie Deans, ye ken—and maybe ye'll can teach me to find out the narrow way, and the strait path, for I have been burning bricks in Egypt, and walking through the weary wilderness of Sinai, for lang and mony a day. But whenever I think about mine errors, I am like to cover my lip for shame.” — Here she looked up and smiled. — “It's a strange thing now—I hae spoke mair gude words to you in ten minutes, than I wad speak to my mother in as mony years—it's no that I dinna think on them—and whiles they are just at my tongue's end, but then comes the Devil, and brushes my lips with his black wing, and lays his broad black loof on my mouth—for a black loof it is, Jeanie—and sweeps away a' my gude thoughts, and dits up my gude words, and pits a wheen fule sangs and idle vanities in their place.”

“Try, Madge,” said Jeanie, — “try to settle your mind and make your breast clean, and you'll find your heart easier—Just resist the devil, and he will flee from you—and mind that, as my worthy father tells me, there is nae devil sae deceitfu' as our ain wandering thoughts.”

“And that's true too, lass,” said Madge, starting up; “and I'll gang a gate where the devil daurna follow me; and it's a gate that you will like dearly to gang—but I'll keep a fast haud o' your arm, for fear Apollyon should stride across the path, as he did in the Pilgrim's Progress.”

Accordingly she got up, and, taking Jeanie by

the arm, began to walk forward at a great pace; and soon, to her companion's no small joy, came into a marked path, with the meanders of which she seemed perfectly acquainted. Jeanie endeavoured to bring her back to the confessional, but the fancy was gone by. In fact, the mind of this deranged being resembled nothing so much as a quantity of dry leaves, which may for a few minutes remain still, but are instantly discomposed and put in motion by the first casual breath of air. She had now got John Bunyan's parable into her head, to the exclusion of every thing else, and on she went with great volubility.

“Did ye never read the Pilgrim's Progress? And you shall be the woman Christiana, and I will be the maiden Mercy, for ye ken Mercy was of the fairer countenance, and the more alluring than her companion—and if I had my little messan dog here, it would be Great Heart their guide, ye ken, for he was e'en as bauld, that he wad bark at ony thing twenty times his size; and that was e'en the death of him, for he bit Corporal MacAlpine's heels ae morning when they were hauling me to the guard-house, and Corporal MacAlpine killed the bit faithfu' thing wi' his Lochaber axe—de'il pike the Highland banes o' him!”

“O fie, Madge,” said Jeanie, “ye should not speak such words.”

“It's very true,” said Madge, shaking her head; “but then I maunna think on my puir bit

doggie Snap, when I saw it lying dying in the gutter. But it's just as weel, for it suffered baith cauld and hunger when it was living, and in the grave there is rest for a' things—rest for the doggie, and my puir bairn, and me.”

“Your bairn?” said Jeanie, conceiving that by speaking on such a topic, supposing it to be a real one, she could not fail to bring her companion to a more composed temper.

She was mistaken, however, for Madge coloured, and replied with some anger, “*My* bairn? ay, to be sure, my bairn. What for shouldna I hae a bairn, and lose a bairn too, as weel as your bonnie tittie, the Lily of St Leonard’s?”

The answer struck Jeanie with some alarm, and she was anxious to sooth the irritation she had unwittingly given occasion to. “I am very sorry for your misfortune”—

“Sorry? what wad ye be sorry for?” answered Madge. “The bairn was a blessing—that is, Jeanie, it wad hae been a blessing if it hadna been for my mother; but my mother’s a queer woman.—Ye see, there was an auld carle wi’ a bit land, and a gude clat o’ siller besides, just the very picture of old Mr Feeblemind or Mr Ready-to-halt, that Great Heart delivered from Slaygood the giant, when he was rifling him, and about to pick his bones, for Slaygood was of the nature of the flesh-eaters—and Great Heart killed Giant Despair too—but I am doubting Giant Despair’s come alive again, for a’ the story book—I find him busy at my heart whiles.”

“Weel, and so the auld carle,” said Jeanie, for she was painfully interested in getting to the truth of Madge’s history, which she could not but suspect was in some extraordinary way linked and entwined with the fate of her sister. She was also desirous, if possible, to engage her companion in some narrative which might be carried on in a lower tone of voice, for she was in great apprehension lest the elevated notes of Madge’s conversation should direct her mother or the robbers in search of them.

“And so the auld carle,” said Madge, repeating her words—“I wish ye had seen him stoiting about, aff ae leg on to the other, wi’ a kind o’ dot-and-go-one sort o’ motion, as if ilk ane o’ his twa legs had belanged to sindry folk—But Gentle George could take him aff brawly—Eh as I used to laugh to see George gang hip-hop like him.—I dinna ken, I think I laughed heartier then than what I do now, though maybe no just sae muckle.”

“And who was Gentle George?” said Jeanie, endeavouring to bring her back to her story.

“O, he was Geordie Robertson, ye ken, when he was in Edinburgh; but that’s no his right name neither—His name is——But what is your business wi’ his name? said she, as if upon sudden recollection. “What have ye to do asking for folk’s names?—Have ye a mind I should scour my knife between your ribs, as my mother says?”

As this was spoken with a menacing tone and

gesture, Jeanie hastened to protest her total innocence of purpose in the accidental question which she had asked, and Madge Wildfire went on somewhat pacified.

“Never ask folk’s names, Jeanie—it’s no civil—I hae seen half a dozen o’ folk in my mother’s at anes, and ne’er ane o’ them ca’d the ither by his name; and Daddie Ratton says, it is the most uncivil thing may be, because the baillie bodies are aye asking fashious questions, when ye saw sic a man, or sic a man; and if ye dinna ken their names, ye ken there can be nae mair speed about it.”

In what strange school, thought Jeanie to herself, has this poor creature been bred up, where such remote precautions are taken against the pursuits of justice? What would my father or Reuben Butler think, if I were to tell them there are sic folk in the world? And to abuse the simplicity of this demented creature! O, that I were but safe at hame amang mine ain leal and true people! and I’ll bless God, while I have breath, that placed me amongst those who live in his fear, and under the shadow of his wing.

She was interrupted by the insane laugh of Madge Wildfire, as she saw a magpie hop across the path.

“See there—that was the gate my auld joe used to cross the country, but no just sae lightly—he hadna wings to help his auld legs, I trow; but I behoved to have married him for a’ that, Jeanie, or my mother wad hae been the dead of

me. But then came in the story of my poor bairn, and my mother thought he wad be deaved wi' its skirling, and she pat it away in below the bit bourock of turf yonder, just to be out o' the gate; and I think she buried my best wits with it, for I have never been just mysel yet. And only think, Jeanie, after my mother had been at a' this pains, the auld doited body Johnny Drottle turned up his nose, and wadna hae aught to say to me! But it's little I care for him, for I have led a merry life ever since, and ne'er a braw gentleman looks at me but ye wad think he was gaun to drop off his horse for mere love of me. I have kenn'd some o' them put their hand in their pocket, and gie me as muckle as sixpence at a time, just for my weel-faur'd face."

This speech gave Jeanie a dark insight into Madge's history. She had been courted by a wealthy suitor, whose addresses her mother had favoured, notwithstanding the objection of old age and deformity. She had been seduced by some profligate, and, to conceal her shame and promote the advantageous match she had planned, her mother had not hesitated to destroy the offspring of their intrigue. That the consequence should be the total derangement of a mind which was constitutionally unsettled by giddiness and vanity, was extremely natural; and such was, in fact, the history of Madge Wildfire's insanity.

CHAPTER VI.

So free from danger, free from fear,
They cross'd the court—right glad they were.

Christabel.

PURSUING the path which Madge had chosen, Jeanie Deans observed, to her no small delight, that marks of more cultivation appeared, and the thatched roofs of houses, with their blue smoke arising in little columns, were seen embosomed in a tuft of trees at some distance. The track led in that direction, and Jeanie, therefore, resolved, while Madge continued to pursue it, that she would ask her no questions; having had the penetration to observe, that by doing so she ran the risk of irritating her guide, or awakening suspicions, to the impressions of which, persons in Madge's unsettled state of mind are particularly liable.

Madge, therefore, uninterrupted, went on with the wild disjointed chat which her rambling imagination suggested; a mood in which she was much more communicative respecting her own history, and that of others, than when there was any attempt made, by direct queries,

or cross examinations, to extract information on these subjects.

« It's a queer thing, » she said, « but whiles I can speak about the bit bairn and the rest of it, just as if it had been another body's, and no my ain ; and whiles I am like to break my heart about it—Had you ever a bairn, Jeanie? »

Jeanie replied in the negative.

« Ay ; but your sister had though—and I ken what came o't too. »

« In the name of heavenly mercy, » said Jeanie, forgetting the line of conduct which she had hitherto adopted, « tell me but what became of that unfortunate babe, and » —

Madge stopped, looked at her gravely, and fixedly, and then broke into a great fit of laughing—« Aha, lass,—catch me if ye can—I think it's easy to gar you trow ony thing—How suld I ken ony thing o' your sister's wean? Lasses suld hae naething to do wi' weans till they are married—and then a' the gossips and cummers come in and feast as if it were the blithest day in the warld.—They say maidens' bairns are weel guided. I wot that wasna true of your tittie's and mine ; but these are sad tales to tell—I maun just sing a bit to keep up my heart—It's a sang that Gentle George made on me lang syne, when I went with him to Lockington wake, to see him act upon a stage, in fine clothes, with the player folks. He might have dune waur than married me that night as he promised—better wed over

the mixen* as over the moor, as they say in Yorkshire—he may gang farther and fare waur—But that's a' ane to the sang,——

'I'm Madge of the country, I'm Madge of the town,
And I'm Madge of the lad I am blithest to own—
The Lady of Beever in diamonds may shine,
But has not a heart half so lightsome as mine.

I am Queen of the Wake, and I'm Lady of May,
And I lead the blithe ring round the May-pole to-day:
The wild-fire that flashes so fair and free
Was never so bright, or so bonnie as me.'

«I like that the best o' a' my sangs,» continued the maniac, «because he made it. I am often singing it, and that's maybe the reason folks ca' me Madge Wildfire. I aye answer to the name, though it's no my ain, for what's the use of making a fash?»

«But ye shouldna sing upon the Sabbath at least,» said Jeanie, who, amid all her distress and anxiety, could not help being scandalized at the deportment of her companion, especially as they now approached near to the little village or hamlet.

«Ay! is this Sunday?» said Madge. «My mother leads sic a life, wi' turning night into day, that ane loses a' count o' the days o' the week, and disna ken Sunday frae Saturday. Besides, it's a' your whiggery—in England, folks sing

* A homely proverb, signifying, better wed a neighbour than one fetched from a distance.—Mixer, signifies dunghill.

when they like—And then, ye ken, you are Christiana, and I am Mercy—and ye ken, as they went on their way they sang.”—And she immediately raised one of John Bunyan’s ditties:—

‘He that is down need fear no fall,
He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

Fulness to such a burthen is
That go on pilgrimage;
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.’

“And do ye ken, Jeanie, I think there’s much truth in that book the Pilgrim’s Progress. The boy that sings that song, was feeding his father’s sheep in the valley of humiliation, and Mr Great-Heart says, that he lived a merrier life, and had more of the herb called hearts-ease in his bosom, than they that wear silk and velvet like me, and are as bonny as I am.”

Jeanie Deans had never read the fanciful and delightful parable to which Madge alluded. Bunyan was, indeed, a rigid Calvinist, but then he was also a member of a Baptist congregation, so that his works had no place on David Deans’s shelf of divinity. Madge, however, at some time of her life, had been well acquainted, as it appeared, with the most popular of his performances, which, indeed, rarely fails to make a deep impression upon children and people of the lower rank.

« I am sure, » she continued, « I may weel say I am come out of the city of Destruction, for my mother is Mrs Bat's-eyes, that dwells at Dead-man's corner; and Frank Levitt, and Tyburn Tam, they may be likened to Mistrust and Guilt, that came galloping up and struck the poor pilgrim to the ground with a great club, and stole a bag of silver, which was most of his spending money, and so have they done to many, and will do to more. But now we will gang to the Interpreter's house, for I ken a man that will play the Interpreter right weel; for he has eyes lifted up to Heaven, the best of books in his hand, the law of truth written on his lips, and he stands as if he pleaded wi' men — O if I had minded what he had said to me, I had never been the cast-away creature that I am !—But it is all over now. —But we'll knock at the gate, and then the keeper will admit Christiana, but Mercy will be left out—and then I'll stand at the door trembling and crying, and then Christiana—that's you, Jeanie,—will intercede for me; and then Mercy,—that's me, ye ken,—will faint; and then the Interpreter—yes, the Interpreter, that's Mr Staunton himself, will come out and take me—that's poor, lost, demented me—by the hand, and give me a pomegranate, and a piece of honeycomb, and a small bottle of spirits, to stay my fainting—and then the good times will come back again, and we'll be the happiest folk you ever saw.»

In the midst of the confused assemblage of ideas indicated in this speech, Jeanie thought she

saw a serious purpose on the part of Madge, to endeavour to obtain the pardon and countenance of some one whom she had offended; an attempt the most likely of all others to bring them once more into contact with law and legal protection. She, therefore, resolved to be guided by her while she was in so hopeful a disposition, and act for her own safety according to circumstances.

They were now close by the village, one of those beautiful scenes which are so often found in merry England, where the cottages, instead of being built in two direct lines on each side of a dusty high-road, stand in detached groups, interspersed not only with large oaks and elms, but with fruit-trees, so many of which were at this time in flourish, that the grove seemed enamelled with their crimson and white blossoms. In the centre of the hamlet stood the parish church and its little Gothic tower, from which at present was heard the Sunday chime of bells.

“We will wait here until the folks are a’ in the church—they ca’ the kirk a church in England, Jeanie, be sure you mind that—for if I was gaun forward amang them, a’ the gaitts o’ boys and lasses wad be crying at Madge Wildfire’s tail, the little hell-rakers, and the beadle would be as hard upon us as if it was our fault. I like their skirling as ill as he does, I can tell him; I’m sure I often wish there was a het peat down their throats when they set them up that gate.”

Conscious of the disorderly appearance of her

own dress after the adventure of the preceding night, and of the grotesque habit and demeanour of her guide, and sensible how important it was to secure an attentive and patient audience to her strange story from some one who might have the means to protect her, Jeanie readily acquiesced in Madge's proposal to rest under the trees, by which they were still somewhat screened, until the commencement of service should give them an opportunity of entering the hamlet without attracting a crowd around them. She made the less opposition, that Madge had intimated that this was not the village where her mother was in custody, and that the two squires of the pad were absent in a different direction.

She sate herself down, therefore, at the foot of an oak, and by assistance of a placid fountain which had been dammed up for the use of the villagers, and which served her as a natural mirror, she began—no uncommon thing with a Scottish maiden of her rank,—to arrange her toilette in the open air, and bring her dress, soiled and disordered as it was, into such order as the place and circumstances admitted.

She soon perceived reason, however, to regret that she had set about this task, however decent and necessary, in the present time and society. Madge Wildfire, who, among other indications of insanity, had a most over-weening opinion of those charms, to which, in fact, she had owed her misery, and whose mind, like a raft upon a lake, was agitated and driven about at random by

each fresh impulse, no sooner beheld Jeanie begin to arrange her hair, place her bonnet in order, rub the dust from her shoes and clothes, adjust her neck-handkerchief and mittans, and so forth, than with imitative zeal she began to bedizen and trick herself out with shreds and remnants of beggarly finery, which she took out of a little bundle, and which, when disposed around her person, made her appearance ten times more fantastic and apish than it had been before.

Jeanie groaned in spirit, but dared not interfere in a matter so delicate. Across the man's cap or riding-hat which she wore, Madge placed a broken and soiled white feather, intersected with one which had been shed from the train of a peacock. To her dress, which was a kind of riding-habit, she stitched, pinned, and otherwise secured, a large furbelow of artificial flowers, all crushed, wrinkled, and dirty, which had first bedecked a lady of quality, then descended to her Abigail, and dazzled the inmates of the servants-hall. A tawdry scarf of yellow silk, trimmed with tinsel and spangles, which had seen as hard service, and boasted as honourable a transmission, was next flung over one shoulder, and fell across her person in the manner of a shoulder-belt or baldrick. Madge then stripped off the coarse ordinary shoes which she wore, and replaced them by a pair of dirty satin ones, spangled and embroidered to match the scarf, and furnished with very high heels. She had cut a wil-

low switch in her morning's walk, almost as long as a boy's fishing-rod. This she set herself seriously to peel, and when it was transformed into such a wand as the Treasurer or High Steward bears on public occasions, she told Jeanie that she thought they now looked decent, as young women should do, upon the Sunday morning, and that as the bells had done ringing, she was willing to conduct her to the Interpreter's house.

Jeanie sighed heavily, to think it should be her lot on the Lord's day, and during kirk-time too, to parade the street of an inhabited village with so very grotesque a comrade; but necessity had no law, since, without a positive quarrel with the mad-woman, which, in the circumstances, would have been very unadvisable, she could see no means of shaking herself free of her society.

As for poor Madge, she was completely elated with personal vanity, and the most perfect satisfaction concerning her own dazzling dress, and superior appearance. They entered the hamlet without being observed, except by one old woman, who, being nearly "high-gravel blind," was only conscious that something very fine and glittering was passing by, and dropped as deep a reverence to Madge as she would have done to a countess. This filled up the measure of Madge's self-approbation. She minced, she ambled, she smiled, she simpered, and waved Jeanie Deans forward with the condescension of a noble *chaperone*, who has undertaken the charge of a country miss on her first journey to the capital.

Jeanie followed in patience, and with her eyes fixed on the ground, that she might save herself the mortification of seeing her companion's absurdities; but she started when, ascending two or three steps, she found herself in the church-yard, and saw that Madge was making straight for the door of the church. As Jeanie had no mind to enter the congregation in such company, she walked aside from the path-way, and said in a decided tone, "Madge, I will wait here till the church comes out—you may go in by yourself, if you have a mind."

As she spoke these words, she was about to seat herself upon one of the grave-stones.

Madge was a little before Jeanie when she turned aside; but suddenly changing her course, she followed her with long strides, and, with every feature inflamed with passion, overtook and seized her by the arm. "Do ye think, ye ungratefu' wretch, that I am gaun to let you sit doun upon my father's grave? The de'il settle ye doun, if ye dinna rise and come in to the Interpreter's house, that's the house of God, wi' me, but I'll rive every dud aff your back!"

She adapted the action to the phrase; for with one clutch she stripped Jeanie of her straw bonnet and a handful of her hair to boot, and threw it up into an old yew tree, where it stuck fast. Jeanie's first impulse was to scream, but conceiving she might receive deadly harm before she could obtain the assistance of any one, notwithstanding the vicinity of the church, she

thought it wiser to follow the mad-woman into the congregation, where she might find some means of escape from her, or at least be secured against her violence. But when she meekly intimated her consent to follow Madge, her guide's uncertain brain had caught another train of ideas. She held Jeanie fast with one hand, and with the other pointed to the inscription on the grave-stone, and commanded her to read it. Jeanie obeyed, and read these words:—

“THIS MONUMENT WAS ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF DONALD MURDOCKSON OF THE KING'S XXVI, OR CAMERONIAN REGIMENT, A SINCERE CHRISTIAN, A BRAVE SOLDIER, AND A FAITHFUL SERVANT, BY HIS GRATEFUL AND SORROWING MASTER, ROBERT STAUNTON.”

“It's very weel read, Jeanie; it's just the very words,” said Madge, whose ire had now faded into deep melancholy, and with a step, which, to Jeanie's great joy, was uncommonly quiet and mournful, she led her companion towards the door of the church.

It was one of those old-fashioned Gothic parish churches which are frequent in England, the most cleanly, decent, and reverential places of worship that are, perhaps, any where to be found in the Christian world. Yet, notwithstanding the decent solemnity of its exterior, Jeanie was too faithful to the directory of the presbyterian kirk to have entered a prelatic place of worship, and would, upon any other occasion, have thought that she beheld in the porch the venerable figure of her father waving her back

from the entrance, and pronouncing in a solemn tone, « Cease, my child, to hear the instruction which causeth to err from the words of knowledge.» But in her present agitating and alarming situation, she looked for safety to this forbidden place of assembly, as the hunted animal will sometimes seek shelter from imminent danger in the human habitation, or in other places of refuge most alien to its nature and habits. Not even the sound of the organ, and of one or two flutes which accompanied the psalmody, prevented her from following her guide into the chancel of the church.

No sooner had Madge put her foot upon the pavement, and become sensible that she was the object of attention to the spectators, than she resumed all the fantastic extravagance of deportment which some transient touch of melancholy had banished for an instant. She swam rather than walked up the centre aisle, dragging Jeanie after her, whom she held fast by the hand. She would, indeed, have fain slipped aside into the pew nearest to the door, and left Madge to ascend in her own manner and alone to the high places of the synagogue; but this was impossible, without a degree of violent resistance, which seemed to her inconsistent with the time and place, and she was accordingly led in captivity up the whole length of the church by her grotesque conductress, who, with half-shut eyes, a prim smile upon her lips, and a mincing motion with her hands, which corresponded with the

delicate and affected pace at which she was pleased to move, seemed to take the general stare of the congregation, which such an exhibition necessarily excited, as a high compliment, and which she returned by nods and half curtsies to individuals amongst the audience, whom she seemed to distinguish as acquaintances. Her absurdity was enhanced in the eyes of the spectators by the strange contrast which she formed to her companion, who, with dishevelled hair, downcast eyes, and a face glowing with shame, was dragged as it were in triumph after her.

Madge's airs were at length fortunately cut short by her encountering in her progress the looks of the clergyman, who fixed upon her a glance at once steady, compassionate, and admonitory. She hastily opened an empty pew which happened to be near her, and entered, dragging in Jeanie after her. Kicking Jeanie on the shins, by way of hint that she should follow her example, she sunk her head upon her hand for the space of a minute. Jeanie, to whom this posture of mental devotion was entirely new, did not attempt to do the like, but looked round her with a bewildered stare, which her neighbours, judging from the company in which they saw her, very naturally ascribed to insanity. Every person in their immediate vicinity drew back from this extraordinary couple as far as the limits of their pew permitted, but one old man could not get beyond Madge's reach, ere she had snatched the prayer-book from his hand, and as-

certained the lesson of the day. She then turned up the ritual, and, with the most overstrained enthusiasm of gesture and manner, shewed Jeanie the passages as they were read in the service, making at the same time her own responses so loud as to be heard above those of every other person.

Notwithstanding the shame and vexation which Jeanie felt in being thus exposed in a place of worship, she could not and durst not omit rallying her spirits so as to look around her, and consider to whom she ought to appeal for protection so soon as the service should be concluded. Her first ideas naturally fixed upon the clergyman, and she was confirmed in the resolution by observing that he was an aged gentleman, of a dignified appearance and deportment, who read the service with an undisturbed and decent gravity, which brought back to becoming attention those younger members of the congregation who had been disturbed by the extravagant behaviour of Madge Wildfire. To the clergyman, therefore, Jeanie resolved to make her appeal when the service was over.

It is true she felt disposed to be shocked at his surplice, of which she had heard so much, but which she had never witnessed upon the person of a preacher of the word. Then she was confused by the change of posture adopted in different parts of the ritual, the more so as Madge Wildfire, to whom they seemed familiar, took the opportunity to exercise authority over her,

pulling her up and pushing her down with a bustling assiduity, which Jeanie felt must make them both the objects of painful attention. But notwithstanding these prejudices, it was her sensible resolution, in this dilemma, to imitate as nearly as she could what was done around her. The prophet, she thought, permitted Naaman the Syrian to bow even in the house of Rimmon. — Surely if I, in this streight, worship the God of my fathers in mine own language, although the manner thereof be strange to me, the Lord will pardon me in this thing.

In this resolution she became so much confirmed, that, withdrawing herself from Madge as far as the pew permitted, she endeavoured to evince, by serious and composed attention to what was passing, that her mind was composed to devotion. Her tormentor would not long have permitted her to remain quiet, but fatigue overpowered her, and she fell asleep in the other corner of the pew.

Jeanie, though her mind in her own despite sometimes reverted to her situation, compelled herself to give attention to a sensible, energetic, and well-composed discourse, upon the practical doctrines of Christianity, which she could not help approving, although it was every word written down and read by the preacher, and although it was delivered in a tone and gesture very different from those of Boanerges Storm-heaven, who was her father's favourite preacher. The serious and placid attention with which

Jeanie listened did not escape the clergyman. Madge Wildfire's entrance had rendered him apprehensive of some disturbance, to provide against which, as far as possible, he often turned his eyes to the part of the church where Jeanie and she were placed, and became soon aware that, notwithstanding the loss of her head-gear, and the awkwardness of her situation, had given an uncommon and wild appearance to the features of the former, yet she was in a state of mind very different from that of her companion. When he dismissed the congregation, he observed her look around with a wild and terrified look, as if uncertain what course she ought to adopt, and noticed that she approached one or two of the most decent of the congregation, as if to address them, and then shrunk back timidly, on observing that they seemed to shun and to avoid her. The clergyman was satisfied there must be something extraordinary in all this, and as a benevolent man, as well as a good Christian pastor, he resolved to enquire into the matter more minutely.

CHAPTER VII.

—There govern'd in that year,
A stern, stout churl—an angry overseer.

CRABBE.

WHILE Mr Staunton, for such was this worthy clergyman's name, was laying aside his gown in the vestry, Jeanie was in the act of coming to an open rupture with Madge.

« We must return to Mummer's barn directly, » said Madge ; « we'll be ower late, and my mother will be angry. »

« I am not going back with you, Madge, » said Jeanie, taking out a guinea, and offering it to her ; « I am much obliged to you, but I maun gang my ain road. »

« And me coming a' this way out o' my gate to pleasure you, ye ungratefu' cutty, » answered Madge ; « and me to be brained by my mother when I gang hame, and a' for your sake—but I will gar ye, as good »——

« For God's sake ! » said Jeanie to a man who stood beside them, « keep her off—she is mad. »

« Ey—ey, » answered the boor ; « I hae some guess of that, and I trow thou be'st a bird of the same feather. Howsomever, Madge, I redd thee keep hand off her, or I'se lend thee a whister-poop. »

Several of the lower class of the parishioners now gathered round the strangers, and the cry arose among the boys, that « there was a going to be a fite between mad Madge Murdockson and another Bess of Bedlam. » But while the fry assembled with the humane hope of seeing as much of the fun as possible, the laced cocked-hat of the beadle was discerned among the multitude, and all made way for that person of awful authority. His first address was to Madge.

« What's brought thee back again, thou silly donnot, to plague this parish? Hast thou brought ony more bastards wi' thee to lay to honest men's doors? or does thou think to burthen us with this goose, that's as gare-brained as thysel, as if rates were no up enow? Away wi' thee to thy thief of a mother; she's fast in the stocks at Barkston town-end—Away wi' ye out o' the parish, or I'se be at ye with the rattan. »

Madge stood sulky for a minute; but she had been too often taught submission to the beadle's authority by ungentle means, to feel courage enough to dispute it.

« And my mother—my puir auld mother, is in the stocks at Barkston!—This is a' your wyte, Miss Jeanie Deans; but I'll be upsides wi' you,

as sure as my name's Madge Wildfire—I mean Murdockson—God help me, I forget my very name in this confused waste.”

So saying, she turned upon her heel, and went off, followed by all the mischievous imps of the village, some crying, “Madge, canst thou tell thy name yet?” some pulling the skirts of her dress, and all, to the best of their strength and ingenuity, exercising some device or other to exasperate her into frenzy.

Jeanie saw her departure with infinite delight, though she wished, that, in some way or other, she could have requited the service Madge had conferred upon her.

In the mean time, she applied to the beadle to know, whether “there was any house in the village where she could be civilly entertained for her money, and whether she could be permitted to speak to the clergyman?”

“Ay, ay, we’s ha’ reverend care on thee; and I think,” answered the man of constituted authority, “that, unless thou answer the rector all the better, we’s spare thy money, and gie thee lodging at the parish charge, young woman.”

“Where am I to go, then?” said Jeanie, in some alarm.

“Why, I am to take thee to his reverence, in the first place, to gie an account o’ thyself, and to see thou come na to be a burthen upon the parish.”

“I do not wish to burthen any one,” replied

Jeanie; « I have enough for my own wants, and only wish to get on my journey safely.»

« Why, that's another matter,» replied the beadle; « an' if it be true—and I think thou doest not look so polrumpious as thy play-fellow yonder—thou wouldst be a mettle lass enow, an thou wert snog and snod a bit better. Come thou away then—the rector is a good man.»

« Is that the minister,» said Jeanie, « who preached» — —

« The minister? lord help thee! What kind o' presbyterian art thou?—Why, 'tis the rector—the rector's sell, woman, and there isna the like o' him in the county, nor the four next to it. Come away—away with thee—we maunna bide here.»

« I am sure I am very willing to go to see the minister,» said Jeanie; « for, though he read his discourse, and wore that surplice, as they call it here, I canna but think he must be a very worthy God-fearing man, to preach the root of the matter in the way he did.»

The disappointed rabble, finding that there was like to be no sport, had by this time dispersed, and Jeanie, with her usual patience, followed her consequential and surly, but not brutal, conductor towards the rectory.

This clerical mansion was large and commodious, for the living was an excellent one, and the advowson belonged to a very wealthy family in the neighbourhood, who had usually bred up

a son or nephew to the church, for the sake of inducting him, as opportunity offered, into this very comfortable provision. In this manner the rectory of Willingham had always been considered as a direct and immediate appanage of Willingham-hall; and as the rich baronets to whom the latter belonged, had usually a son, or brother, or nephew settled in the living, the utmost care had been taken to render their habitation not merely respectable and commodious, but even dignified and imposing.

It was situated about four hundred yards from the village, and on a rising ground which sloped gently upward, covered with small enclosures, or closes, laid out irregularly, so that the old oaks and elms which were planted in hedge-rows, fell into perspective and were blended together in beautiful irregularity. When they approached nearer to the house, a handsome gateway admitted them into a lawn, of narrow dimensions indeed, but which was interspersed with large sweet chesnut-trees and beeches, and kept in handsome order. The front of the house was irregular. Part of it seemed very old, and had, in fact, been the residence of the incumbent in Romish times. Successive occupants had made considerable additions and improvements, each in the taste of his own age, and without much regard to symmetry. But these incongruities of architecture were so graduated and happily mingled, that the eye, far from being displeased with the combinations of various

styles, saw nothing but what was interesting in the varied and intricate pile which they displayed. Fruit-trees displayed on the southern wall, outer stair-cases, various places of entrance, a combination of roofs and chimneys of different ages, united to render the front, not indeed beautiful or grand, but intricate, perplexed, or, to use Mr Price's appropriate phrase, picturesque. The most considerable addition was that of the present rector, who "being a bookish man," as the beadle was at the pains to inform Jeanie, to augment, perhaps, her reverence for the person before whom she was to appear, had built a handsome library and parlour, and no less than two additional bed-rooms.

"Mony men would hae scrupled such expence," continued the parochial officer, "seeing as the living mun go as it pleases Sir Edmund to will it; but his reverence has a canny bit land of his own, and need not look on two sides of a penny."

Jeanie could not help comparing the irregular yet extensive and commodious pile of building before us, to the "Manses," in her own country, where a set of penurious heritors, professing all the while the devotion of their lives and fortunes to the presbyterian establishment, strain their inventions to discover what may be nipped, and clipped, and pared from a building which forms but a poor accommodation even for the present incumbent, and, despite the superior advantage of stone-masonry, must, in the course of

forty or fifty years, again burthen their descendants with an expence, which, once liberally and handsomely employed, ought to have freed their estates from a recurrence of it for more than a century at least.

Behind the rector's house the ground sloped down to a small river, which, without possessing the romantic vivacity and rapidity of a northern stream, was nevertheless, by its occasional appearance through the ranges of willows and poplars that crowned its banks, a very pleasing accompaniment to the landscape. "It was the best trouting stream," said the beadle, whom the patience of Jeanie, and especially the assurance that she was not about to become a burthen to the parish, had rendered rather communicative, "the best trouting stream in all Lincolnshire, for when you got lower, there was nought to be done wi' fly-fishing."

Turning aside from the principal entrance, he conducted Jeanie towards a sort of portal connected with the older part of the building, which was chiefly occupied by servants, and knocking at the door, it was opened by a servant in grave purple livery, such as befitted a wealthy and dignified clergyman.

"How dost do, Tummas?" said the beadle — "and how's young Measter Staunton?"

"Why, but poorly — but poorly, Measter Stubbs. — Are you wanting to see his reverence?"

"Ay, ay, Tummas; please to say I ha' brought

up the young woman as came to service to-day with mad Madge Murdockson—she seems to be a decentish koind o' body; but I ha' asked her never a question. Only I can tell his reverence that she is a Scotchwoman, I judge, and as flat as the fens of Holland.”

Tummas honoured Jeanie Deans with such a stare, as the pampered domestics of the rich, whether spiritual or temporal, usually esteem it part of their privilege to bestow upon the poor, and then desired Mr Stubbs and his charge to step in till he informed his master of their presence.

The room into which he shewed them was a sort of steward's parlour, hung with a county map or two, and three or four prints of eminent persons connected with the county, as Sir William Monson, James York the blacksmith of Lincoln, and the famous Peregrine, Lord Willoughby, in complete armour, looking as when he said, in the words of the legend below the engraving,—

“ Stand to it, noble pikemen,
And face ye well about;
And shoot ye sharp, bold bowmen,
And we will keep them out.
Ye musquet and calliver-men,
Do you prove true to me,
I'll be the foremost man in fight,
Said brave Lord Willoughbee.”

When they had entered this apartment, Tummas as a matter of course offered, and as a mat-

ter of course Mr Stubbs accepted, a «*summat*» to eat and drink, being the respectable reliques of a gammon of bacon, and a *whole whiskin*, or black pot of sufficient double ale. To these eatables Mr Beadle seriously inclined himself, and (for we must do him justice) not without an invitation to Jeanie, in which Tummas joined, that his prisoner or charge would follow his good example. But although she might have stood in need of refreshment, considering she had tasted no food that day, the anxiety of the moment, her own sparing and abstemious habits, and a bashful aversion to eat in company of the two strangers, induced her to decline their courtesy. So she sate in a chair apart, while Mr Stubbs and Mr Tummas, who had chosen to join his friend in consideration that dinner was to be put back till after the afternoon service, made a hearty luncheon, which lasted for half an hour, and might not then have concluded, had not his reverence rung his bell, so that Tummas was obliged to attend his master. Then, and no sooner, to save himself the labour of a second journey to the other end of the house, he announced to his master the arrival of Mr Stubbs, with the other mad woman, as he chose to designate Jeanie, as an event which had just taken place. He returned with an order that Mr Stubbs and the young woman should be instantly ushered up to the library.

The beadle bolted in haste his last mouthful of fat bacon, washed down the greasy morsel

with the last rinsings of the pot of ale, and immediately marshalled Jeanie through one or two intricate passages which led from the ancient to the more modern buildings, into a handsome little hall, or anti-room, adjoining to the library, and out of which a glass door opened to the lawn.

“Stay here,” said Stubbs, “till I tell his reverence you are come.”

So saying, he opened a door and entered the library.

Without wishing to hear their conversation, Jeanie, as she was circumstanced, could not avoid it; for as Stubbs stood by the door, and his reverence was at the upper end of a large room, their conversation was necessarily audible in the anti-room.

“So you have brought the young woman here at last, Mr Stubbs. I expected you some time since. You know I do not wish such persons to remain in custody a moment without some enquiry into their situation.”

“Very true, your reverence,” replied the beadle; “but the young woman had eat nought to-day, and soa Measter Tummas did set down a drap of drink and a morsel, to be sure.”

“Mr Thomas was very right, Mr Stubbs; and what has become of the other most unfortunate being?”

“Why,” replied Mr Stubbs, “I did think the sight on her would but vex your reverence, and

soa I did let her go her ways back to her muther, who is in trouble in the next parish.”

“In trouble!—that signifies in prison, I suppose!” said Mr Staunton.

“Ay, truly; something like it, an it like your reverence.”

“Wretched, unhappy, incorrigible woman!” said the clergyman. “And what sort of person is this companion of her’s?”

“Why, decent enow,” an it like your reverence,” said Stubbs; “for aught I sees of her, there’s no harm of her, and she says she has cash enow to carry her out of the county.”

“Cash? that is always what you think of, Stubbs—But, has she sense?—has she her wits?—has she the capacity of taking care of herself?”

“Why, your reverence,” replied Stubbs, “I cannot just say—I will be sworn she was not born at Wit-ham;* for Gaffer Gibbs looked at her all the time of sarvice, and he says she could not turn up a single lesson like a Christian, even though she had Madge Murdockson to help her—But then, as to fending for hersel, why, she’s a bit of a Scotchwoman, your reverence, and they say the worst donnot of them can look out for their own turn—and she is decently put on enow, and not bechounded like t’other.”

“Send her in here then, and do you remain below, Mr Stubbs.”

* A proverbial and punning expression in that county, to express that a person is not very witty.

This colloquy had engaged Jeanie's attention so deeply, that it was not until it was over that she observed that the sashed-door, which, we have said, led from the anti-room into the garden, was opened, and that there entered, or rather was borne in by two assistants, a young man, of a very pale and sickly appearance, whom they lifted to the nearest couch, and placed there, as if to recover from the fatigue of an unusual exertion. Just as they were making this arrangement, Stubbs came out of the library, and summoned Jeanie to enter it. She obeyed him not without tremor, for besides the novelty of the situation to a girl of her secluded habits, she felt also as if the successful prosecution of her journey was to depend upon the impression she should be able to make on Mr Staunton.

It is true, it was difficult to suppose on what pretext a person travelling on her own business, and at her own charge, could be interrupted upon her route. But the violent detention she had already undergone was sufficient to show that there existed persons at no great distance who had the interest, the inclination, and the audacity forcibly to stop her journey, and she felt the necessity of having some countenance and protection, at least till she should get beyond their reach. While these things passed through her mind, much faster than our pen and ink can record, or even the reader's eye collect the meaning of its traces, Jeanie found herself in a hand-

some library, and in presence of the Rector of Willingham. The well furnished presses and shelves which surrounded the large and handsome apartment, contained more books than Jeanie imagined existed in the world, being accustomed to consider as an extensive collection two fir shelves, each about three feet long, which contained her father's treasured volumes, the whole pith and marrow, as he used sometimes to boast, of modern divinity. An orrery, globes, a telescope, and some other scientific implements, conveyed to Jeanie an impression of admiration and wonder not unmixed with fear, for, in her ignorant apprehension, they seemed rather adapted for magical purposes than any other; and a few stuffed animals (as the rector was fond of natural history,) added to the impressive character of the apartment.

Mr Staunton spoke to her with great mildness. He observed, that although her appearance at church had been uncommon, in strange, and, he must add, in discreditable society, and calculated, upon the whole, to disturb the congregation during divine worship, he wished, nevertheless, to hear her own account of herself before taking any steps which his duty might seem to demand. He was a justice of peace, he informed her, as well as a clergyman.

« His honour » (for she would not say his reverence,) « was very civil and kind, » was all that poor Jeanie could at first bring out.

« Who are you, young woman? » said the cler-

gyman, more peremptorily—"and what do you do in this country, and in such company?—We allow no strollers or vagrants here."

"I am not a vagrant or a stroller, sir," said Jeanie, a little roused by the supposition. "I am a decent Scots lass, travelling through the land on my own business and my own expences; and I was so unhappy as to fall in with bad company, and was stopped a' night on my journey. And this puir creature, who is something light-headed, let me out in the morning."

"Bad company!" said the clergyman. "I am afraid, young woman, you have not been sufficiently anxious to avoid them."

"Indeed, sir," returned Jeanie, "I have been brought up to shun evil communication. But these wicked people were thieves, and stopped me by violence and mastery."

"Thieves!" said Mr Staunton; "then you charge them with robbery, I suppose?"

"No, sir; they did not take so much as a bodle from me," answered Jeanie; "nor did they use me ill, otherwise than by confining me."

The clergyman enquired into the particulars of her adventure, which she told him from point to point.

"This is an extraordinary, and not a very probable tale, young woman," resumed Mr Staunton. "Here has been, according to your account, a great violence committed without any adequate motive. Are you aware of the law of this country—that if you lodge this charge

you will be bound over to prosecute this gang?"

Jeanie did not understand him, and he explained that the English law, in addition to the inconvenience sustained by persons who have been robbed or injured, has the goodness to entrust to them the care and the expence of appearing as prosecutors.

Jeanie said, "that her business at London was express; all she wanted was, that any gentleman would, out of Christian charity, protect her to some town where she could hire horses and a guide; and, finally," she thought, "it would be her father's mind that she was not free to give testimony in an English court of justice, as the land was not under a direct gospel dispensation."

Mr Staunton stared a little, and asked if her father was a Quaker.

"God forbid, sir," said Jeanie — "He is nae schismatic nor sectary, nor ever treated for sic black commodities as their's, and that's weel kenn'd o' him."

"And what is his name, pray?" said Mr Staunton.

"David Deans, sir, the cow-feeder at St Leonard's Crag, near Edinburgh."

A deep groan from the anti-room prevented the rector from replying, and, exclaiming, "Good God! that unhappy boy," he left Jeanie alone, and hastened into the outer apartment.

Some noise and bustle was heard, but no one entered the library for the best part of an hour.

CHAPTER VIII.

Fantastic passions ! maddening brawl !
And shame and terror over all !
Deeds to be hid which were not hid,
Which all confused, I could not know
Whether I suffered or I did,
For all seemed guilt, remorse, or woe ;
My own, or other's, still the same
Life-stifling fear, soul-stifling shame.

COLERIDGE.

DURING the interval while she was thus left alone, Jeanie anxiously revolved in her mind what course was best for her to pursue. She was impatient to continue her journey, yet she feared she could not safely adventure to do so while the old hag and her assistants were in the neighbourhood, without risking a repetition of their violence. She thought she could collect from the conversation which she had partly overheard, and also from the wild confessions of Madge Wildfire, that her mother had a deep and revengeful motive for obstructing her journey if possible. And from whom could she hope for assistance if not from Mr Staunton? His whole appearance and demeanour seemed to encourage

her hopes. His features were handsome, though marked with a deep cast of melancholy; his tone and language were gentle and encouraging; and, as he had served in the army for several years during his youth, his air retained that easy frankness which is peculiar to the profession of arms. He was, besides, a minister of the gospel; and although a worshipper, according to Jeanie's notions, in the Court of the Gentiles, and so benighted as to wear a surplice, although he read the Common Prayer, and wrote down every word of his sermon before delivering it; and though he was, moreover, in strength of lungs, as well as pith and marrow of doctrine, vastly inferior to Boanerges Stormheaven, Jeanie still thought he must be a very different person from Curate Kiltstoup, and other prelatical divines of her father's earlier days, who used to get drunk in their canonical dress, and hound out the dragoons against the wandering Cameronians. The house seemed to be in some disturbance, but as she could not suppose she was altogether forgotten, she thought it better to remain quiet in the apartment where she had been left, till some one should take notice of her.

The first who entered was, to her no small delight, one of her own sex, a motherly-looking aged person of a housekeeper. To her Jeanie explained her situation in a few words, and begged her assistance.

The dignity of a housekeeper did not encourage too much familiarity with a person who

was at the rectory on justice business, and whose character might seem in her eyes somewhat precarious; but she was civil, although distant.

“Her young master,” she said, “had had a bad accident by a fall from his horse, which made him liable to fainting fits; he had been taken very ill just now, and it was impossible his reverence could see Jeanie for some time; but that she need not fear his doing all that was just and proper in her behalf the instant he could get her business attended to.”—She concluded by offering to show Jeanie a room, where she might remain till his reverence was at leisure.

Our heroine took the opportunity to request the means of adjusting and changing her dress.

The housekeeper, in whose estimation order and cleanliness ranked high among personal virtues, gladly complied with a request so reasonable; and the change of dress which Jeanie's bundle furnished, made so important an improvement in her appearance, that the old lady hardly knew the spoiled and disordered traveller, whose attire shewed the violence she had sustained, in the neat, clean, quiet-looking little Scotchwoman, who now stood before her. Encouraged by such a favourable alteration in her appearance, Mrs Dalton ventured to invite Jeanie to partake of her dinner, and was equally pleased with the decent propriety of her conduct during that meal.

“Thou canst read this book, canst thou, young

woman?" said the old lady when their meal was concluded, laying her hand upon a large Bible.

"I hope sae, madam," said Jeanie, surprised at the question; "my father wad hae wanted mony a thing, ere I had wanted *that* schuling."

"The better sign of him, young woman. There are men here, well to pass in the world, would not want their share of a Leicestershire plover, and that's a bag-pudding, if fasting for three hours would make all their poor children read the Bible from end to end. Take thou the book, then, for my eyes are something dazed, and read where thou listest—it's the only book thou canst not happen wrong in."

Jeanie was at first tempted to turn up the parable of the good Samaritan, but her conscience checked her, as if it were an use of Scripture, not for her own edification, but to work upon the mind of others for the relief of her worldly afflictions; and under this scrupulous sense of duty, she selected, in preference, a chapter of the prophet Isaiah, and read it, notwithstanding her northern accent and tone, with a devout propriety, which greatly edified Mrs Dalton.

"Ah," she said, "an all Scotswomen were sic as thou!—but it was our luck to get born devils of thy country, I think—every one worse than t'other. If thou knowest of ony tidy lass like thyself, that wanted a place, and could bring a good character, and would not go laiking about to wakes and fairs, and wore shoes and stockings

all the day round—why, I'll not say but we might find room for her at the rectory. Hast no cousin or sister, lass, that such an offer would suit?"

This was touching upon a sore point, but Jeanie was spared the pains of replying by the entrance of the same man-servant she had seen before.

"Measter wishes to see the young woman from Scotland," was Tummas's address.

"Go to his reverence, my dear, as fast as you can, and tell him all your story—his reverence is a kind man," said Mrs Dalton. "I will fold down the leaf, and make you a cup of tea, with some nice muffin, against you come down, and that's what you seldom see in Scotland, girl."

"Measter's waiting for the young woman," said Tummas impatiently.

"Well, Mr Jack-Sauce, and what is your business to put in your oar?—And how often must I tell you to call Mr Staunton his reverence, seeing as he is a dignified clergyman, and not be meastering, meastering him, as if he were a little petty squire?"

As Jeanie was now at the door and ready to accompany Tummas, the footman said nothing till he got into the passage, when he muttered, "There are moe masters than one in this house, and I think we shall have a mistress too, an Dame Dalton carries it thus."

Tummas led the way through a more intricate range of passages than Jeanie had yet threaded,

and ushered her into an apartment which was darkened by the closing of most of the window-shutters, and in which was a bed with the curtains partly drawn.

« Here is the young woman, sir, » said Tumas.

« Very well, » said a voice from the bed, but not that of his reverence; « be ready to answer the bell, and leave the room. »

« There is some mistake, » said Jeanie, confounded at finding herself in the apartment of an invalid, « the servant told me that the minister » — —

« Don't trouble yourself, » said the invalid, « there is no mistake. I know more of your affairs than my father, and I can manage them better — Leave the room, Tom. » The servant obeyed. — « We must not, » said the invalid, « lose time, when we have little to lose. Open the shutter of that window. »

She did so, and as he drew aside the curtain of his bed, the light fell on his pale countenance, as, turban'd with bandages, and dressed in a night-gown, he lay seemingly exhausted upon the bed.

« Look at me, » he said, « Jeanie Deans, can you not recollect me ? »

« No, sir, » said she, full of surprise. « I was never in this country before. »

« But I may have been in yours. Think — recollect. I would faint did I name the name you are most dearly bound to loathe and to detest. Think — remember ! »

A terrible recollection flashed on Jeanie, which every tone of the speaker confirmed, and which his next words rendered certainty.

«Be composed—remember Muschat's Cairn, and the moonlight night.»

Jeanie sunk down on a chair, with clasped hands, and gasped in agony.

«Yes, here I lie,» he said, «like a crushed snake, writhing with impatience at my incapacity of motion—here I lie, when I ought to have been in Edinburgh, trying every means to save a life that is dearer to me than my own.—How is your sister?—how fares it with her?—condemned to death, I know it, by this time! O, the horse that carried me safely on a thousand errands of folly and wickedness, that he should have broke down with me on the only good mission I have undertaken for years! But I must rein in my passion—my frame cannot endure it, and I have much to say. Give me some of the cordial which stands on that table.—Why do you tremble? But you have too good cause.—Let it stand—I need it not.»

Jeanie, however reluctant, approached him with the cup into which she had poured the draught, and could not forbear saying, «There is a cordial for the mind, sir, if the wicked will turn from their trangressions, and seek to the Physician of souls.»

«Silence!» he said sternly — «and yet I thank you. But tell me, and lose no time in doing so, what you are doing in this country? Remember,

though I have been your sister's worst enemy, yet I will serve her with the best of my blood, and I will serve you for her sake; and no one can serve you to such purpose, for no one can know the circumstances so well—so speak without fear.”

“I am not afraid, sir,” said Jeanie, collecting her spirits. “I trust in God; and if it pleases Him to redeem my sister's captivity, it is all I seek, whosoever be the instrument. But, sir, to be plain with you, I dare not use your counsel, unless I were enabled to see that it accords with the law which I must rely upon.”

“The devil take the puritan!” said George Staunton, for so we must now call him. “I beg your pardon; but I am naturally impatient, and you drive me mad. What harm can it possibly do you to tell me in what situation your sister stands, and your own expectations of being able to assist her? It is time enough to refuse my advice when I offer any which you may think improper. I speak calmly to you, though 'tis against my nature;—but don't urge me to impatience—it will only render me incapable of serving Effie.”

There was in the looks and words of this unhappy young man a sort of restrained eagerness and impetuosity which seemed to prey upon itself, as the impatience of a fiery steed fatigues itself with churning upon the bit. After a moment's consideration, it occurred to Jeanie that she was not entitled to withhold from him,

whether on her sister's account or her own, the fatal account of the consequences of the crime which he had committed, nor to reject such advice, being in itself lawful and innocent, as he might be able to suggest in the way of remedy. Accordingly, in as few words as she could express it, she told the history of her sister's trial and condemnation, and of her own journey as far as Newark. He appeared to listen in the utmost agony of mind, yet repressed every violent symptom of emotion, whether by gesture or sound, which might have interrupted the speaker, and, stretched on his couch like the Mexican monarch on his bed of live coals, only the contortions of his cheek, and the quivering of his limbs, gave indication of his sufferings. To much of what she said he listened with stifled groans, as if he were only hearing those miseries confirmed, whose fatal reality he had known before; but when she pursued her tale through the circumstances which had interrupted her journey, extreme surprise and earnest attention appeared to succeed to the symptoms of remorse which he had before exhibited. He questioned Jeanie closely concerning the appearance of the two men, and the conversation which she had overheard between the taller of them and the woman.

When Jeanie mentioned the old woman having alluded to her foster son—"It is too true," he said; "and the source from which I derived food, when an infant, must have communicated

to me the wretched—the fated—propensity to vices that were strangers in my own family.—But go on.”

Jeanie passed slightly over her journey in company with Madge, having no inclination to repeat what might be the effect of mere raving on the part of her companion, and therefore her tale was now closed.

Young Staunton lay for a moment in profound meditation, and at length spoke with more composure than he had yet displayed during their interview.—“You are a sensible, as well as a good young woman, Jeanie Deans, and I will tell you more of my story than I have told to any one.—Story did I call it?—it is a tissue of folly, guilt, and misery.—But take notice—I do it because I desire your confidence in return—that is, that you will act in this dismal matter by my advice and direction. Therefore do I speak.”

“I will do what is fitting for a sister, and a daughter, and a Christian woman to do,” said Jeanie; “but do not tell me any of your secrets—It is not good that I should come into your counsel, or listen to the doctrine which causeth to err.”

“Simple fool!” said the young man. “Look at me. My head is not horned, my foot is not cloven, my hands are not garnished with talons; and, since I am not the very devil himself, what interest can any one else have in destroying the hopes with which you comfort or fool yourself? Listen to me patiently, and you will find that,

when you have heard my counsel, you may go to the seventh heaven with it in your pocket, if you have a mind, and not feel yourself an ounce heavier in the ascent.»

At the risk of being somewhat heavy, as explanations usually prove, we must here endeavour to combine into a distinct narrative. information which the invalid communicated in a manner at once too circumstantial, and too much broken by passion, to admit of our giving his precise words. Part of it, indeed, he read from a manuscript, which he had perhaps drawn up for the information of his relations after his decease.

« To make my tale short—this wretched hag—this Margaret Murdockson, was the wife of a favourite servant of my father;—she had been my nurse;—her husband was dead;—she resided in a cottage near this place;—she had a daughter who grew up, and was then a beautiful but very giddy girl;—her mother endeavoured to promote her marriage with an old and wealthy churl in the neighbourhood;—the girl saw me frequently—She was familiar with me, as our connection seemed to permit—and I—in a word, I wronged her cruelly—It was not so bad as your sister's business, but it was sufficiently villainous—her folly should have been her protection. Soon after this I was sent abroad—To do my father justice, if I have turned out a fiend it is not his fault—he used the best means. When I returned, I found the wretched mother and daughter had fallen into disgrace, and were chas-

ed from this country. — My deep share in their shame and misery was discovered — my father used very harsh language — we quarrelled. I left his house, and led a life of strange adventure, resolving never again to see my father or my father's home.

« And now comes the story ! — Jeanie, I put my life into your hands, and not only my own life, which, God knows, is not worth saving, but the happiness of a respectable old man, and the honour of a family of consideration. My love of low society, as such propensities as I was cursed with are usually termed, was, I think, of an uncommon kind, and indicated a nature, which, if not depraved by early debauchery, would have been fit for better things. I did not so much delight in the wild revel, the low humour, the unconfined liberty of those with whom I associated, as in the spirit of adventure, presence of mind in peril, and sharpness of intellect which they displayed in prosecuting their maraudings upon the revenue, or similar adventures. — Have you looked round this rectory ? — is it not a sweet and pleasant retreat ? »

Jeanie, alarmed at this sudden change of subject, replied in the affirmative.

« Well ! I wish it had been ten thousand fathom under ground, with its church-lands and tythes, and all that belongs to it. Had it not been for this cursed rectory I should have been permitted to follow the bent of my own inclinations and the profession of arms, and half the courage

and address that I have displayed among smugglers and deer-stealers would have secured me an honourable rank among my contemporaries. Why did I not go abroad when I left this house?—Why did I leave it at all?—why—But it came to that point with me that it is madness to look back, and misery to look forward.»

He paused, and then went on with more composure.

«The chances of a wandering life brought me unhappily to Scotland, to embroil myself in worse and more criminal actions than I had yet been concerned in. It was now I became acquainted with Wilson, a remarkable man in his station of life; quiet, composed, and resolute, firm in mind, and uncommonly strong in person; gifted with a sort of rough eloquence which raised him above his companions. Hitherto I had been

‘As dissolute as desperate, yet through both
Were seen some sparkles of a better hope.’

But it was this man’s misfortune, as well as mine, that, notwithstanding the difference of our rank and education, he acquired an extraordinary and fascinating influence over me, which I can only account for by the calm determination of his character being superior to the less sustained impetuosity of mine. Where he led I felt myself bound to follow, and strange was the courage and address which he displayed in his pursuits.

While I was engaged in desperate adventures, under so strange and dangerous a preceptor, I became acquainted with your unfortunate sister at some sports of the young people in the suburbs, which she frequented by stealth — and her ruin proved an interlude to the tragic scenes in which I was now deeply engaged. Yet this let me say—the villainy was not premeditated, and I was firmly resolved to do her all the justice which marriage could do, so soon as I should be able to extricate myself from my unhappy course of life, and embrace some one more suited to my birth.—I had wild visions—visions of conducting her as if to some poor retreat, and introducing her at once to rank and fortune she never dreamt of. A friend, at my request, attempted a negotiation with my father; which was protracted for some time, and renewed at different intervals. At length, and just when I expected my father's pardon, he learned by some means or other my infamy, painted in even exaggerated colours, which was, God knows, unnecessary—He wrote me a letter—how it found me out, I know not—enclosing me a sum of money, and disowning me for ever.—I became desperate—I became frantic—I readily joined Wilson in a perilous smuggling adventure in which we miscarried, and was willingly blinded by his logic to consider the robbery of the officer of the customs in Fife, as a fair and honourable reprisal. Hitherto I had observed a certain line in my criminality, and stood free of assaults upon personal property, but now I felt

a wild pleasure in disgracing myself as much as possible.

« The plunder was no object to me, I abandoned that to my comrades, and only asked the post of danger. I remember well, that when I stood with my drawn sword guarding the door while they committed the felony, I had not a thought of my own safety. I was only meditating on my sense of supposed wrong from my family, my impotent thirst of vengeance, and how it would sound in the haughty ears of the family of Willingham, that one of their descendants, and the heir apparent of their honours, should perish by the hands of the hangman for robbing a Scottish gauger. We were taken—I expected no less. We were condemned—that also I looked for. But death, as he approached nearer, looked grimly; and the recollection of your sister's destitute condition determined me on an effort to save my life.—I forgot to tell you, that in Edinburgh I again met the woman Murdockson and her daughter.—She had followed the camp when young, and had now, under pretence of a trifling traffic, resumed predatory habits, with which she had already been too familiar. Our first meeting was stormy; but I was liberal of what money I had, and she forgot, or seemed to forget, the injury her daughter had received. The unfortunate girl herself seemed hardly even to know her seducer, far less to retain any sense of the injury she had received. Her mind is totally alienated, which, according to her mother's account,

is sometimes the consequence of an unfavourable confinement. But it was *my doing*. Here was another stone knitted round my neck to sink me into the pit of perdition. Every look—every word of this poor creature—her false spirits—her imperfect recollections—her allusions to things which she had forgotten, but which were recorded in my conscience, were stabs of a poniard—stabs did I say?—they were tearing with hot pincers, and scalding the raw wound with burning sulphur—they were to be endured, however, and they were endured.—I return to my prison thoughts.

« It was not the least miserable of them that your sister's time approached. I knew her dread of you and of her father—She often said she would die a thousand deaths ere you should know her shame—yet her confinement must be provided for.—I knew this woman Murdockson was an infernal hag, but I thought she loved me, and that money would make her true. She had procured a file for Wilson, and a spring-saw for me; and she undertook readily to take charge of Effie during her illness, in which she had skill enough to give the necessary assistance.—I gave her the money which my father had sent me—It was settled that she should receive Effie into her house in the mean time, and wait for farther directions from me, when I should effect my escape. I communicated this purpose, and recommended the old hag to poor Effie by a letter, in which I recollect that I endeavoured to sup-

port the character of Macheath under condemnation—a fine, gay, bold-faced ruffian, who is game to the last—Such, and so wretchedly poor, was my ambition! Yet I had resolved to forsake the courses I had been engaged in, should I be so fortunate as to escape the gibbet. My design was to marry your sister, and go over to the West Indies. I had still some money left, and I trusted in one way or other to provide for myself and my wife.

“We made the attempt to escape, and by the obstinacy of Wilson, who insisted upon going first, it totally miscarried. The undaunted and self-denied manner in which he sacrificed himself to redeem his error, and accomplish my escape from the Tolbooth-Church, you must have heard of—all Scotland rang with it. It was a gallant and extraordinary deed—All men spoke of it—all men, even those who most condemned the habits and crimes of this self-devoted man, praised the heroism of his friendship. I have many vices, but cowardice, or want of gratitude, are none of the number. I resolved to requite his generosity, and even your sister’s safety became a secondary consideration with me for the time. To effect Wilson’s liberation was my principal object, and I doubted not to find the means.

“Yet I did not forget Effie neither. The bloodhounds of the law were so close after me, that I dared not trust myself near any of my old haunts, but old Murdockson met me by appoint-

ment, and informed me that your sister had happily been delivered of a boy. I charged the hag to keep her patient's mind easy, and let her want for nothing that money could purchase, and I retreated to those places of concealment where the men engaged in Wilson's desperate trade are used to hide themselves and their uncus-tomed goods. Men who are disobedient both to human and divine laws, are not always insen-sible to the claims of courage and generosity. We were assured that the mob of Edinburgh, strongly moved with the hardship of Wilson's situation, and the gallantry of his conduct, would back any bold attempt that might be made to rescue him even from the foot of the gibbet. Desperate as the attempt seemed, upon my de-claring myself ready to lead the onset on the guard, I found no want of followers who en-gaged to stand by me.

“I have no doubt I should have rescued him from the very noose that dangled over his head,” he continued with animation, which seemed a flash of the interest which he had taken in such exploits; “but amongst other precautions, the magistrates had taken one, suggested, as we af-terwards learned, by the unhappy wretch Por-teous, which effectually disconcerted my mea-sures. They anticipated, by half an hour, the ordinary period for execution; and, as it had been resolved amongst us, that, for fear of obser-vation from the officers of justice, we should not show ourselves upon the street until the time of

action approached, it followed that all was over before our attempt at a rescue commenced. It did commence, however, and I gained the scaffold and cut the rope with my own hand. It was too late! The bold, stout-hearted, generous criminal was no more — and vengeance was all that remained to us — a vengeance, as I then thought, doubly due from my hand, to whom Wilson had given life and liberty when he could as easily have secured his own.”

“O, sir,” said Jeanie, “did the Scripture never come into your mind, ‘Vengeance is mine, and I will repay it?’”

“Scripture? Why, I had not opened a Bible for five years,” answered Staunton.

“Waes me, sirs,” said Jeanie — “and a minister’s son too!”

“It is natural for you to say so; yet do not interrupt me, but let me finish my most accursed history. The beast, Porteous, who kept firing on the people long after it had ceased to be necessary, became the object of their hatred for having over-done his duty, and of mine for having done it too well. We — that is, I and other determined friends of Wilson, resolved to be avenged — but caution was necessary. I thought I had been marked by one of the officers, and therefore continued to lurk about the vicinity of Edinburgh, but without daring to venture within the walls. At length I visited, at the hazard of my life, the place where I hoped to find my future wife and my son — they were both gone.

Dame Murdockson informed me that so soon as Effie heard of the miscarriage of the attempt to rescue Wilson, and the hot pursuit after me, she fell into a brain fever; and that being one day obliged to go out on some necessary business and leave her alone, she had taken that opportunity to escape, and she had not seen her since. I loaded her with reproaches, to which she listened with the most provoking and callous composure; for it is one of her attributes, that, violent and fierce as she is upon most occasions, there are some in which she shews the most imperturbable calmness. I threatened her with justice; she said I had more reason to fear justice than she had. I felt she was right, and was silenced. I threatened her with vengeance; she replied in nearly the same words, that, to judge by injuries received, I had more reason to fear her vengeance, than she to dread mine. She was again right, and I was left without an answer. I flung myself from her in indignation, and employed a comrade to make enquiry in the neighbourhood of Saint Leonard's concerning your sister; but ere I received his answer, the opening quest of a well-scented terrier of the law drove me from the vicinity of Edinburgh to a more distant and secluded place of concealment. A secret and trusty emissary at length brought me the account of Porteous's condemnation, and of your sister's imprisonment on a criminal charge; thus astounding one of mine ears, while he gratified the other.

«I again ventured to the Pleasance — again charged Murdockson with treachery to the unfortunate Effie and her child, though I could conceive no reason, save that of appropriating the whole of the money I had lodged with her. Your narrative throws light on this, and shews another motive, not less powerful because less evident — the desire of wreaking vengeance on the seducer of her daughter, — the destroyer at once of her reason and reputation. Great God! how I wish that, instead of the revenge she made choice of, she had delivered me up to the cord!»

«But what account did the wretched woman give of Effie and the bairn!» said Jeanie, who, during this long and agitating narrative, had firmness and discernment enough to keep her eye on such points as might throw light on her sister's misfortunes.

«She would give none,» said Staunton; «she said the mother made a moonlight flitting from her house, with the infant in her arms — that she had never seen either of them since — that the lass might have thrown the child into the North Loch or the Quarry-Holes, for what she knew, and it was like enough she had done so.»

«And how came you to believe that she did not speak the fatal truth?» said Jeanie, trembling.

«Because, on this second occasion, I saw her daughter, and I understood from her, that, in fact, the child had been removed or destroyed

during the illness of the mother. But all knowledge to be got from her is so uncertain and indirect, that I could not collect any farther circumstances. Only the diabolical character of old Murdockson makes me augur the worst."

"The last account agrees with that given by my poor sister," said Jeanie; "but gang on wi' your ain tale, sir."

"Of this I am certain," said Staunton, "that Effie, in her senses, and with her knowledge, never injured living creature—But what could I do in her exculpation?—Nothing—and, therefore, my whole thoughts were turned toward her safety. I was under the cursed necessity of suppressing my feelings towards Murdockson; my life was in the hag's hand—that I cared not for; but on my life hung that of your sister. I spoke the wretch fair; I appeared to confide in her; and to me, so far as I was personally concerned, she gave proofs of extraordinary fidelity. I was at first uncertain what measures I ought to adopt for your sister's liberation, when the general rage excited among the citizens of Edinburgh on account of the reprieve of Porteous, suggested to me the daring idea of forcing the jail, and at once carrying off your sister from the clutches of the law, and bringing to condign punishment a miscreant, who had tormented the unfortunate Wilson, even in the hour of death, as if he had been a wild Indian taken captive by an hostile tribe. I flung myself among

the multitude in the moment of fermentation—so did others among Wilson's mates, who had, like me, been disappointed in the hope of glutting their eyes with Porteous's execution. All was organized, and I was chosen for the captain. I felt not—I do not now feel, compunction for what was to be done, and has since been executed.”

“O God forgive ye, sir, and bring you to a better sense of your ways?” exclaimed Jeanie, in horror at the avowal of such violent sentiments.

“Amen,” replied Staunton, “if my sentiments are wrong. But I repeat, that, although willing to aid the deed, I could have wished them to have chosen another leader; because I foresaw that the great and general duty of the night would interfere with the assistance which I proposed to render Effie. I gave a commission, however, to a trusty friend to protect her to a place of safety, so soon as the fatal procession had left the jail. But for no persuasions which I could use in the hurry of the moment, or which my comrade employed at more length, after the mob had taken a different direction, could the unfortunate girl be prevailed upon to leave the prison. His arguments were all wasted upon the infatuated victim, and he was obliged to leave her in order to attend to his own safety. Such was his account; but, perhaps, he persevered less steadily in his attempt to persuade her than I would have done.”

“Effie was right to remain,” said Jeanie; “and I love her the better for it.”

“Why will you say so?” said Staunton.

“You cannot understand my reasons, sir, if I should render them,” answered Jeanie, composedly; “they that thirst for the blood of their enemies have no taste for the well-spring of life.”

“My hopes,” said Staunton, “were thus a second time disappointed. My next efforts were to bring her through her trial by means of yourself. How I urged it, and where, you cannot have forgotten. I do not blame you for your refusal; it was founded, I am convinced, on principle, and not on indifference to your sister’s fate. For me, judge of me as a man frantic; I knew not what hand to turn to, and all my efforts were unavailing. In this condition, and close beset on all sides, I thought of what might be done by means of my family, and their influence. I fled from Scotland—I reached this place—my miserably wasted and unhappy appearance procured me from my father that pardon, which a parent finds it so hard to refuse, even to the most undeserving son. And here I have awaited in anguish of mind, which the condemned criminal might envy, the event of your sister’s trial.”

“Without taking any steps for her relief?” said Jeanie.

“To the last I hoped her case might terminate more favourably; and it is only two days

since that the fatal tidings reached me. My resolution was instantly taken. I mounted my best horse with the purpose of making the utmost haste to London, and there compounding with Sir Robert Walpole for your sister's safety, by surrendering to him, in the person of the heir of the family of Willingham, the notorious George Robertson, the accomplice of Wilson, the breaker of the Tolbooth prison, and the well-known leader of the Porteous mob."

"But would that save my sister?" said Jeanie, in astonishment.

"It would, as I should drive my bargain," said Staunton. "Queens love revenge as well as their subjects—Little as you seem to esteem it, it is a poison which pleases all palates, from the prince to the peasant.—The life of an obscure villager? Why, I might ask the best of the crown-jewels for laying the head of such an insolent conspiracy at the foot of her majesty, with a certainty of being gratified. All my other plans have failed, but this could not—Heaven is just, however, and would not honour me with making this voluntary atonement for the injury I have done your sister. I had not rode ten miles, when my horse, the best and most sure-footed animal in this country, fell with me on a level piece of road, as if he had been struck by a cannon-shot. I was greatly hurt, and was brought back here in the condition in which you now see me."

As young Staunton had come to the conclu-

sion, the servant opened the door, and, with a voice which seemed intended rather for a signal, than merely the announcing of a visit, said, "His reverence, sir, is coming up stairs to wait upon you."

"For God's sake, hide yourself, Jeanie," exclaimed Staunton, "in that dressing closet!"

"No, sir," said Jeanie; "as I am here for nae ill, I canna take the shame of hiding mysel frae the master o' the house."

"But, good Heavens!" exclaimed George Staunton, "do but consider" — —

Ere he could complete the sentence, his father entered the apartment.

CHAPTER IX.

And now, will pardon, comfort, kindness, draw
The youth from vice? will honour, duty, law?

CRABBE.

JEANIE arose from her seat, and made her quiet reverence, when the elder Mr Staunton entered the apartment. His astonishment was extreme at finding his son in such company.

«I perceive, madam, I have made a mistake respecting you, and ought to have left the task of interrogating you, and of righting your wrongs, to this young man, with whom, doubtless, you have been formerly acquainted.»

«It's unwitting on my part that I am here,» said Jeanie; «the servant told me his master wished to speak with me.»

«There goes the purple coat over my ears,» murmured Tummas. «D—n her, why must she needs speak the truth, when she could have as well said any thing else she had a mind?»

«George,» said Mr Staunton, «if you are still—as you have ever been—lost to all self-respect, you might at least have spared your father, and

your father's house, such a disgraceful scene as this."

"Upon my life — upon my soul, sir!" said George, throwing his feet over the side of the bed, and starting from his recumbent posture.

"Your life, sir!" interrupted his father, with melancholy sternness, — "What sort of life has it been? — Your soul! alas! what regard have you ever paid to it? Take care to reform both ere offering either as pledges of your sincerity."

"On my honour, sir, you do me wrong," answered George Staunton; "I have been all that you can call me that's bad, but in the present instance you do me injustice. By my honour, you do!"

"Your honour!" said his father, and turned from him, with a look of the most upbraiding contempt, to Jeanie. "From you, young woman, I neither ask nor expect any explanation; but, as a father alike and as a clergyman, I request your departure from this house. If your romantic story has been other than a pretext to find admission into it, (which, from the society in which you first appeared, I may be permitted to doubt,) you will find a justice of peace within two miles, with whom, more properly than with me, you may lodge your complaint."

"This shall not be," said George Staunton, starting up to his feet. "Sir, you are naturally kind and humane—you shall not become cruel and inhospitable on my account—Turn out that eves-dropping rascal," pointing to Thomas, "and

get what hartshorn drops, or what better receipt you have against fainting, and I will explain to you in two words the connection betwixt this young woman and me. She shall not lose her fair character through me — I have done too much mischief to her family already, and I know too well what belongs to the loss of fame.”

“Leave the room, sir,” said the rector to the servant; and when the man had obeyed, he carefully shut the door behind him, and then addressing his son, he said sternly, “Now, sir, what new proof of your infamy have you to impart to me?”

Young Staunton was about to speak, but it was one of those moments when those, who, like Jeanie Deans, possess the advantage of a steady courage and unruffled temper, can assume the superiority over more ardent but less determined spirits.

“Sir,” she said to the elder Staunton, “ye have an undoubted right to ask your ain son to render a reason of his conduct. But respecting me, I am but a way-faring traveller, no ways obligated or indebted to you, unless it be for the meal of meat which, in my ain country, is willingly gien by rich or poor, according to their ability, to those who need it; and for which, forbye that, I am willing to make payment, if I didna think it would be an affront to offer siller in a house like this — only I dinna ken the fashions of the country.”

“This is all very wel’, young woman,” said

the rector, a good deal surprised, and unable to conjecture whether to impute Jeanie's language to simplicity or impertinence—"this may be all very well—but let me bring it to a point. Why do you stop this young man's mouth, and prevent his communicating to his father and his best friend, an explanation (since he says he has one) of circumstances which seem in themselves not a little suspicious?"

"He may tell of his ain affairs what he likes," answered Jeanie; "but my family and friends have nae right to hae ony stories told anent them without their express desire; and, as they canna be here to speak for themselves, I entreat ye wadna ask Mr George Rob—I mean Staunton, or whatever his name is, ony questions anent me or my folk; for I maun be free to tell you, that he will neither have the bearing of a Christian or a gentleman, if he answers you against my express desire."

"This is the most extraordinary thing I ever met with," said the rector, as, after fixing his eyes keenly on the placid, yet modest countenance of Jeanie, he turned them suddenly upon his son. "What have you to say, sir?"

"That I feel I have been too hasty in my promise, sir," answered George Staunton; "I have no title to make any communications respecting the affairs of this young person's family without her assent."

The elder Mr Staunton turned his eyes from one to the other with marks of surprise.

“This is more, and worse, I fear,” he said, addressing his son, “than one of your frequent and disgraceful connections—I insist upon knowing the mystery.”

“I have already said, sir,” replied his son, rather sullenly, “that I have no title to mention the affairs of this young woman’s family without her consent.”

“And I hae nae mysteries to explain, sir,” said Jeanie, “but only to pray you, as a preacher of the gospel and a gentleman, to permit me to go safe to the next public-house on the Lunnon road.”

“I shall take care of your safety,” said young Staunton; “you need ask that favour from no one.”

“Do you say so before my face?” said the justly incensed father. “Perhaps, sir, you intend to fill up the cup of disobedience and profligacy by forming a low and disgraceful marriage? But let me bid you beware.”

“If you were feared for sic a thing happening wi’ me, sir,” said Jeanie, “I can only say, that not for all the land that lies between the twa ends of the rainbow wad I be the woman that should wed your son.”

“There is something very singular in all this,” said the elder Staunton; “follow me into the next room, young woman.”

“Hear me speak first,” said the young man. “I have but one word to say. I confide entirely in your prudence; tell my father as much or as

little of these matters as you will, he shall know neither more or less from me.”

His father darted at him a glance of indignation, which softened into sorrow as he saw him sink down on the couch, exhausted with the scene he had undergone. He left the apartment and Jeanie followed him, George Staunton raising himself as she passed the door-way, and pronouncing the word, “Remember!” in a tone as monitory as it was uttered by Charles I. upon the scaffold. The elder Staunton led the way into a small parlour, and shut the door.

“Young woman,” said he, “there is something in your face and appearance that marks both sense and simplicity, and, if I am not deceived, innocence also—Should it be otherwise, I can only say, you are the most accomplished hypocrite I have ever seen.—I ask to know no secret that you have unwillingness to divulge, least of all those which concern my son. His conduct has given me too much unhappiness to permit me to hope comfort or satisfaction from him. If you are such as I suppose you, believe me, that whatever unhappy circumstances may have connected you with George Staunton, the sooner you break them through the better.”

“I think I understand your meaning, sir,” replied Jeanie; “and as ye are sae frank as to speak o’ the young gentleman in sic a way, I must needs say that it is but the second time of my speaking wi’ him in our lives, and what I hae heard frae him on these twa occasions has been

such that I never wish to hear the like again.”

“Then it is your real intention to leave this part of the country, and proceed to London?” said the rector.

“Certainly, sir; for I may say, in one sense, that the avenger of blood is behind me; and if I were but assured against mischief by the way”—

“I have made enquiry,” said the clergyman, “after the suspicious characters you described. They have left their place of rendezvous; but as they may be lurking in the neighbourhood, and as you say you have special reason to apprehend violence from them, I will put you under the charge of a steady person, who will protect you as far as Stamford, and see you into a light coach, which goes from thence to London.”

“A coach is not for the like of me, sir,” said Jeanie; to whom the idea of a stage-coach was unknown, as indeed they were then only used in the neighbourhood of London.

Mr Staunton briefly explained that she would find that mode of conveyance more commodious, cheaper, and more safe than travelling on horseback. She expressed her gratitude with so much singleness of heart, that he was induced to ask her whether she wanted the pecuniary means of prosecuting her journey. She thanked him, but said she had enough for her purpose, and indeed she had husbanded her stock with great care. This reply served also to remove some doubts, which naturally enough still float-

ed in Mr Staunton's mind, respecting her character and real purpose, and satisfied him, at least, that money did not enter into her scheme of deception, if an impostor she should prove. He next requested to know what part of the city she wished to go to."

"To a very decent merchant, a cousin o' my ain, a Mrs Glass, sir, that sells snuff and tobacco, at the sign o' the Thistle, somegate in the town."

Jeanie communicated this intelligence with a feeling that a connection so respectable ought to give her consequence in the eyes of Mr Staunton; and she was a good deal surprised when he answered,

"And is this woman your only acquaintance in London, my poor girl? and have you really no better knowledge where she is to be found?"

"I was gaun to see the Duke of Argyle, forbye Mrs Glass," said Jeanie; "and if your honour thinks it would be best to go there first, and get some of his grace's folks to show me my cousin's shop" — —

"Are you acquainted with any of the Duke of Argyle's people?" said the rector.

"No, sir."

"Her brain must be something touched after all, or it would be impossible for her to rely on such introductions.—Well," said he aloud, "I must not enquire into the cause of your journey, and so I cannot be fit to give you advice how to manage it. But the landlady of the house where

the coach stops, is a very decent person; and, as I use her house sometimes, I will give you a recommendation to her."

Jeanie thanked him for his kindness with her best courtesy, and said, "That with his honour's line, and ane from worthy Mrs Bickerton, that keeps the Seven Stars at York, she did not doubt to be well taken out in Lunnon."

"And now," said he, "I presume you will be desirous to set out immediately."

"If I had been in an inn, sir, or any suitable resting-place," answered Jeanie, "I wad not have presumed to use the Lord's day for travelling; but as I am on a journey of mercy, I trust my doing so will not be imputed."

"You may, if you chuse, remain with Mrs Dalton for the evening; but I desire you will have no further correspondence with my son, who is not a proper counsel for a person of your age, whatever your difficulties may be."

"Your honour speaks ower truly in that," said Jeanie; "it was not with my will that I spoke wi' him just now, and—not to wish the gentleman ony thing but gude—I never wish to see him between the een again."

"If you please," added the rector, "as you seem to be a seriously-disposed young woman, you may attend family worship in the hall this evening."

"I thank your honour," said Jeanie; "but I am doubtful if my attendance would be to edification."

“How!” said the rector; “so young, and already unfortunate enough to have doubts upon the duties of religion!”

“God forbid, sir,” replied Jeanie; “it is not for that; but I have been bred in the faith of the suffering remnant of the presbyterian doctrine in Scotland, and I am doubtful if I can lawfully attend upon your fashion of worship, seeing it has been testified against by many precious souls of our kirk, and specially by my worthy father.”

“Well, my good girl,” said the rector, with a good-humoured smile, “far be it from me to put any force upon your conscience; and yet you ought to recollect that the same divine grace dispenses its streams to other kingdoms as well as to Scotland. As it is as essential to our spiritual, as water to our earthly wants, its springs, various in character, yet alike efficacious in virtue, are to be found in abundance throughout the Christian world.”

“Ah, but,” said Jeanie, “though the waters may be alike, yet, with your worship’s leave, the blessing upon them may not be equal. It would have been in vain for Naaman the Syrian leper to have bathed in Pharpar and Abana, rivers of Damascus, when it was only the waters of Jordan that were sanctified for the cure.”

“Well,” said the rector, “we will not enter upon the great debate betwixt our national churches at present. We must endeavour to satisfy you, that, at least, amongst our errors,

we preserve Christian charity, and a desire to assist our brethren.”

He then ordered Mrs Dalton into his presence, and consigned Jeanie to her particular charge, with directions to be kind to her, and with assurances, that, early in the morning, a trusty guide and a good horse should be ready to conduct her to Stamford. He then took a serious and dignified, yet kind leave of her, wishing her full success in the objects of her journey, which he said he doubted not were laudable, from the soundness of thinking which she had displayed in conversation.

Jeanie was again conducted by the house-keeper to her own apartment. But the evening was not destined to pass over without further torment from young Staunton. A paper was slipped into her hand by the faithful Tummas, which intimated his young master's desire, or rather demand, to see her instantly, and assured her he had provided against interruption.

“Tell your young master,” said Jeanie, openly, and regardless of all the winks and signs by which Tummas strove to make her comprehend that Mrs Dalton was not to be admitted into the secret of the correspondence, “that I promised faithfully to his worthy father that I would not see him again.”

“Tummas,” said Mrs Dalton, “I think you might be much more creditably employed, considering the coat you wear, and the house you live in, than to be carrying messages between

your young master and girls that chance to be in this house."

"Why, Mrs Dalton, as to that, I was hired to carry messages, and not to ask any questions about them; and it's not for the like of me to refuse the young gentleman's bidding, if he were a little wildish or so.—If there was harm meant, there's no harm done, you see."

"However," said Mrs Dalton, "I gie you fair warning, Tummas Ditton, that an I catch thee at this work again, his reverence shall make a clear house of you."

Thomas retired, abashed and in dismay. The rest of the evening past away without any thing worthy of notice.

Jeanie enjoyed the comforts of a good bed and a sound sleep with grateful satisfaction, after the perils and hardships of the preceding day; and such was her fatigue, that she slept soundly until six o'clock, when she was awakened by Mrs Dalton, who acquainted her that her guide and horse were ready, and in attendance. She hastily rose, and, after her morning devotions, was soon ready to resume her travels. The motherly care of the housekeeper had provided an early breakfast, and, after she had partaken of this refreshment, she found herself safe seated on a pillion behind a stout Lincolnshire peasant, who was, besides, armed with pistols, to protect her against any violence which might be offered.

They trudged along in silence for a mile or two along a country road, which conducted them,

by hedge and gate-way, into the principal highway, a little beyond Grantham. At length her master of the horse asked her whether her name was not Jean, or Jane Deans. She answered in the affirmative, with some surprise. « Then here's a bit of a note as concerns you, » said the man, handing it over his left shoulder. « It's from young master, as I judge, and every man about Willingham is fain to pleasure him either for love or fear; for he'll come to be landlord at last, let them say what they like. »

Jeanie broke the seal of the note, which was addressed to her, and read as follows :

« You refuse to see me. I suppose you are shocked at my character: but, in painting myself such as I am, you should give me credit for my sincerity. I am, at least, no hypocrite. You refuse, however, to see me, and your conduct may be natural—but is it wise? I have expressed my anxiety to repair your sister's misfortunes at the expence of my honour, —my family's honour —my own life; and you think me too debased to be admitted even to sacrifice what I have remaining of honour, fame, and life, in her cause. Well, if the offerer be despised, the victim is still equally at hand; and perhaps there may be justice in the decree of Heaven, that I shall not have the melancholy credit of appearing to make this sacrifice out of my own free good-will. You, as you have declined my concurrence, must take the whole upon yourself. Go, then, to the Duke of Argyle, and, when other arguments fail you,

tell him you have it in your power to bring to condign punishment the most active conspirator in the Porteous mob. He will hear you on this topic, should he be deaf on every other. Make your own terms, for they will be at your own making. You know where I am to be found; and you may be assured I will not give you the dark side of the hill, as at Muschat's Cairn; I have no thoughts of stirring from the house I was born in; like the hare, I shall be worried in the seat I started from. I repeat it—make your own terms. I need not remind you to ask your sister's life, for that you will do of course; but make terms of advantage for yourself—ask wealth and reward—office and income for Butler—ask any thing—you will get any thing—and all for delivering to the hands of the executioner a man most deserving of his office;—one who, though young in years, is old in wickedness, and whose most earnest desire is, after the storms of an unquiet life, to sleep and be at rest.”

This extraordinary letter was subscribed with the initials G. S.

Jeanie read it over once or twice with great attention, which the slow pace of the horse, as he stalked through a deep lane, enabled her to do with facility.

When she had perused this billet, her first employment was to tear it into as small pieces as possible, and disperse these pieces in the air by a few at a time, so that a document containing

so perilous a secret might not fall into any other person's hand.

The question how far, in point of extremity, she was entitled to save her sister's life by sacrificing that of a person who, though guilty towards the state, had done her no injury, formed the next earnest and most painful subject of consideration. In one sense, indeed, it seemed as if denouncing the guilt of Staunton, the cause of her sister's errors and misfortunes, would have been an act of just, and even providential retribution. But Jeanie, in the strict and severe tone of morality in which she was educated, had to consider not only the general aspect of a proposed action, but its justness and fitness in relation to the actor, before she could be, according to her own phrase, free to enter upon it. What right had she to make a barter between the lives of Staunton and of Effie, and to sacrifice the one for the safety of the other? His guilt—that guilt for which he was amenable to the laws—was a crime against the public indeed, but it was not against her.

Neither did it seem to her that his share in the death of Porteous, though her mind revolted at the idea of using violence to any one, was in the relation of a common murder, against the perpetrator of which every one is called to aid the public magistrate. That violent action was blended with many circumstances, which, in the eyes of those of Jeanie's rank in life, if they did not altogether deprive it of the character of guilt,

softened, at least, its most atrocious features. The anxiety of the government to obtain conviction of some of the offenders, had but served to increase the public feeling which connected the action, though violent and irregular, with the idea of ancient national independence. The rigorous measures adopted or proposed against the city of Edinburgh, the ancient metropolis of Scotland—the extremely unpopular and injudicious measure of compelling the clergy to promulgate from the pulpit the reward offered for the discovery of the perpetrators of this slaughter, had produced on the public mind the opposite consequences from what were intended; and Jeanie felt conscious, that whoever should lodge information concerning that event, and for whatsoever purpose it might be done, it would be considered as an act of treason against the independence of Scotland. With the fanaticism of the Scotch presbyterians, there was always mingled a glow of national feeling, and Jeanie trembled at the idea of her name being handed down to posterity with that of the “fause Monteath,” and one or two others, who, having deserted and betrayed the cause of their country, are damned to perpetual remembrance and execration among its peasantry. Yet, to part with Effie’s life once more, when a word spoken might save it, pressed severely on the mind of her affectionate sister.

“The Lord support and direct me,” said Jeanie, “for it seems to be his will to try me with difficulties far beyond my ain strength.”

While this thought passed through Jeanie's mind, her guard, tired of silence, began to show some inclination to be communicative. He seemed a sensible steady peasant, but not having more delicacy or prudence than is common to those in his situation, he, of course, chose the Willingham family as the subject of his conversation. From this man Jeanie learned some particulars of which she had hitherto been ignorant, and which we will briefly recapitulate for the information of the reader.

The father of George Staunton had been bred a soldier, and during service in the West Indies, had married the heiress of a wealthy planter. By this lady he had an only child, George Staunton, the unhappy young man who has been so often mentioned in this narrative. He passed the first part of his early youth under the charge of a dotting mother, and in the society of negro slaves, whose study it was to gratify his every caprice. His father was a man of worth and of sense; but as he alone retained tolerable health among the officers of the regiment he belonged to, he was much engaged with his duty. Besides, Mrs Staunton was beautiful and wilful, and enjoyed but delicate health; so that it was difficult for a man of affection, humanity, and a quiet disposition, to struggle with her on the point of her over-indulgence to an only child. Indeed, what Mr Staunton did do towards counteracting the baneful effects of his wife's system, only tended to render

it more pernicious, for every restraint imposed on the boy in his father's presence, was compensated by treble license during his absence. So that George Staunton acquired, even in childhood, the habit of regarding his father as a rigid censor, from whose severity he was desirous of emancipating himself as soon and absolutely as possible.

When he was about ten years old, and when his mind had received all the seeds of those evil weeds which afterwards grew apace, his mother died, and his father, half heart-broken, returned to England. To sum up her imprudence and unjustifiable indulgence, she had contrived to place a considerable part of her fortune at her son's exclusive controul or disposal, in consequence of which management, George Staunton had not been long in England till he learned his independence, and how to abuse it. His father had endeavoured to rectify the defects of his education by placing him in a well-regulated seminary. But although he showed some capacity for learning, his riotous conduct soon became intolerable to his teachers. He found means (too easily afforded to all youths who have certain expectations) of procuring such a command of money as enabled him to anticipate in boyhood the frolics and follies of a more mature age, and, with these accomplishments, he was returned on his father's hands as a profligate boy, whose example might ruin an hundred.

The elder Mr Staunton, whose mind, since his wife's death, had been tinged with a melancholy,

which certainly his son's conduct did not tend to dispel, had taken orders, and was inducted by his brother Sir William Staunton into the family living of Willingham. The revenue was a matter of consequence to him, for he derived little advantage from the estate of his late wife; and his own fortune was that of a younger brother.

He took his son to reside with him at the rectory, but he soon found that his disorders rendered him an intolerable inmate. And as the young men of his own rank would not endure the purse-proud insolence of the Creole, he fell into that taste for low society, which is worse than « pressing to death, whipping, or hanging.» His father sent him abroad, but he only returned wilder and more desperate than before. It is true, this unhappy youth was not without his good qualities. He had lively wit, good temper, reckless generosity, and manners which, while he was under restraint, might pass well in society. But all these availed him nothing. He was so well acquainted with the turf, the gaming-table, the cock-pit, and every worse rendezvous of folly and dissipation, that his mother's fortune was spent before he was twenty-one, and he was soon in debt and in distress. His early history may be concluded in the words of our British Juvenal, when describing a similar character:—

Headstrong, determined in his own career,
He thought reproof unjust and truth severe.
The soul's disease was to its crisis come,
He first abused and then abjured his home;

And when he chose a vagabond to be,
He made his shame his glory, "I'll be free."

"And yet 'tis pity on Measter George, too," continued the honest boor, "for he has an open hand, and winna let a poor body want an he has it."

The virtue of profuse generosity, by which, indeed, they themselves are most directly advantaged, is readily admitted by the vulgar as a cloak for many sins.

At Stamford our heroine was deposited in safety by her communicative guide. She obtained a place in the coach, which, although termed a light one, and accommodated with no fewer than six horses, only reached London on the afternoon of the second day. The recommendation of the elder Mr Staunton procured Jeanie a civil reception at the inn where the carriage stopped, and, by the aid of Mrs Bickerton's correspondent, she found out her friend and relative Mrs Glass, by whom she was kindly received and hospitably entertained.

CHAPTER X.

My name is Argyle, you may well think it strange,
To live at the court and never to change.

Ballad.

FEW names deserve more honourable mention in the history of Scotland during this period, than that of John, Duke of Argyle and Greenwich. His talents as a statesman and a soldier were generally admitted; he was not without ambition, but « without the illness that attends it» — without that irregularity of thought and aim, which often excites great men, in his peculiar situation, (for it was a very peculiar one) to grasp the means of raising themselves to power, at the risk of throwing a kingdom into confusion. Pope has distinguished him as

Argyle, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field.

He was alike free from the ordinary vices of statesmen, falsehood, namely, and dissimulation, and from those of warriors, inordinate and violent thirst after self-aggrandizement.

Scotland, his native country, stood at this time in a very precarious and doubtful situation. She was indeed united to England, but the cement had not had time to acquire consistence. The irritation of ancient wrongs still subsisted, and betwixt the fretful jealousy of the Scottish, and the supercilious disdain of the English, quarrels repeatedly occurred, in the course of which the national league, so important to the safety of both, was in the utmost danger of being dissolved. Scotland had, besides, the disadvantage of being divided into intestine factions, which hated each other bitterly, and waited but a signal to break forth into action.

In such circumstances, another man, with the talents and rank of Argyle, but without a mind so happily regulated, would have sought to rise from the earth in the whirlwind, and direct its fury. He chose a course more safe and more honourable.

Soaring above the petty distinctions of faction, his voice was raised, whether in office or opposition, for those measures which were at once just and lenient. His high military talents enabled him, during the memorable year 1715, to render such services to the house of Hanover, as, perhaps, were too great to be either acknowledged or repaid. He had employed, too, his utmost influence in softening the consequences of that insurrection to the unfortunate gentlemen, whom a mistaken sense of loyalty had engaged in the affair, and was rewarded by the esteem and af-

fection of his country in an uncommon degree. This popularity, with a discontented and warlike people, was supposed to be a subject of jealousy at court, where the power to become dangerous is sometimes of itself obnoxious, though the inclination is not united with it. Besides, the Duke of Argyle's independent and somewhat haughty mode of expressing himself in parliament, and acting in public, were ill calculated to attract royal favour. He was, therefore, always respected, and often employed, but he was not a favourite of George the Second, his consort, or his ministers. At several different periods in his life, the duke might be considered as in absolute disgrace at court, although he could hardly be said to be a declared member of opposition. This rendered him the dearer to Scotland, because it was usually in her cause that he incurred the displeasure of his sovereign; and upon this very occasion of the Porteous mob, the animated and eloquent opposition which he had offered to the severe measures which were about to be adopted towards the city of Edinburgh, was the more gratefully received in that metropolis, as it was understood that the duke's interposition had given personal offence to Queen Caroline.

His conduct upon this occasion, as indeed that of all the Scottish members of the legislature, with one or two unworthy exceptions, had been in the highest degree spirited. The popular tradition, concerning his reply to Queen Caro-

line, has been given already, and some fragments of his speech against the Porteous Bill are still remembered. He retorted upon the chancellor, Lord Hardwicke, the insinuation that he had stated himself in this case rather as a party than than as a judge:—"I appeal," said Argyle, "to the House—to the nation, if I can be justly branded with the infamy of being a jobber, or a partizan. Have I been a briber of votes?—a buyer of boroughs?—the agent of corruption for any purpose, or on behalf of any party?—Consider my life; examine my actions in the field and in the cabinet, and see where there lies a blot that can attach to my honour. I have shewn myself the friend of my country—the loyal subject of my king. I am ready to do so again, without an instant's regard to the frowns or smiles of a court. I have experienced both, and am prepared with indifference for either. I have given my reasons for opposing this bill, and have made it appear that it is repugnant to the international treaty of union, to the liberty of Scotland, and, reflectively, to that of England, to common justice, to common sense, and to the public interest. Shall the metropolis of Scotland, the capital of an independent nation, the residence of a long line of monarchs, by whom that noble city was graced and dignified—shall such a city, for the fault of an obscure and unknown body of rioters, be deprived of its honours and its privileges—its gates and its guards?—and shall a native Scotchman tamely behold the

havock? I glory, my lords, in opposing such unjust rigour, and reckon it my dearest pride and honour to stand up in defence of my native country, while thus laid open to undeserved shame, and unjust spoliation.”

Other statesmen and orators, both Scottish and English, used the same arguments, the bill was gradually stripped of its most oppressive and obnoxious clauses, and at length ended in a fine upon the city of Edinburgh in favour of Porteous's widow. So that, as somebody observed at the time, the whole of these fierce debates ended in making the fortune of an old cook-maid, such having been the good woman's original capacity.

The court, however, did not forget the baffle they had received in this affair, and the Duke of Argyle, who had contributed so much to it, was thereafter considered as a person in disgrace. It is necessary to place these circumstances under the reader's observation, both because they are connected with the preceding and subsequent part of our narrative.

The duke was alone in his study, when one of his gentlemen acquainted him, that a country-girl, from Scotland, was desirous of speaking with his grace.

“A country-girl, and from Scotland!” said the duke; “what can have brought the silly fool to London?—Some lover pressed and sent to sea, or some stock sunk in the South-Sea funds, or some such hopeful concern, I suppose, and then

nobody to manage the matter but MacCallummore.—Well, this same popularity has its inconveniences.—However, show our countrywoman up, Archibald—it is ill manners to keep her in attendance.»

A young woman of rather low stature, and whose countenance might be termed very modest and pleasing in expression, though sunburnt, somewhat freckled, and not possessing regular features, was ushered into the splendid library. She wore the tartan plaid of her country, adjusted so as partly to cover her head, and partly to fall back over her shoulders. A quantity of fair hair, disposed with great simplicity and neatness, appeared in front of her round and good-humoured face, to which the solemnity of her errand, and her sense of the duke's rank and importance, gave an appearance of deep awe, but not of slavish fear, or fluttered bashfulness. The rest of Jeanie's dress was in the style of Scottish maidens of her own class; but arranged with that scrupulous attention to neatness and cleanliness, which we often find united with that purity of mind, of which it is a natural emblem.

She stopped near the entrance of the room, made her deepest reverence, and crossed her hands upon her bosom, without uttering a syllable. The Duke of Argyle advanced towards her; and if she admired his graceful deportment and rich dress, decorated with the orders which had been deservedly bestowed on him, his cour-

teous manner, and quick and intelligent cast of countenance, he on his part was not less, or less deservedly, struck with the quiet simplicity and modesty expressed in the dress, manners, and countenance of his humble countrywoman.

« Did you wish to speak with me, my bonnie lass?» said the duke, using the encouraging epithet which at once acknowledged the connection betwixt them as country-folks; « or, did you wish to see the duchess?»

« My business is with your honour, my lord—I mean your lordship's grace.»

« And what is it, my good girl?» said the duke, in the same mild and encouraging tone of voice. Jeanie looked at the attendant. « Leave us, Archibald,» said the duke, « and wait in the anti-room.» The domestic retired. « And now sit down, my good lass,» said the duke; « take your breath—take your time, and tell me what you have got to say. I guess by your dress, you are just come up from poor old Scotland—Did you come through the streets in your tartan plaid?»

« No, sir,» said Jeanie; « a friend brought me in ane o' their street coaches—a very decent woman,» she added, her courage increasing as she became familiar with the sound of her own voice in such a presence; « your lordship's grace kens her—its Mrs Glass, at the sign o' the Thistle.»

« O, my worthy snuff-merchant—I have always a chat with Mrs Glass when I purchase my Scots high-dried.—Well, but your business, my

bonnie woman—time and tide, you know, wait for no one.”

“Your honour—I beg your lordship’s pardon—I mean your grace,” for it must be noticed, that this matter of addressing the duke by his appropriate title had been anxiously inculcated upon Jeanie by her friend Mrs Glass, in whose eyes it was a matter of such importance, that her last words, as Jeanie left the coach, were, “Mind to say your grace;” and Jeanie, who had scarce ever in her life spoke to a person of higher quality than the Laird of Dumbiedikes, found great difficulty in arranging her language according to the rules of ceremony.

The duke, who saw her embarrassment, said, with his usual affability, “Never mind my grace, lassie; just speak out a plain tale, and shew you have a Scots tongue in your head.”

“Sir, I am muckle obliged—Sir, I am the sister of that poor unfortunate criminal, Effie Deans, who is ordered for execution at Edinburgh.”

“Ah!” said the duke, “I have heard of that unhappy story, I think—a case of child-murder, under a special act of parliament—Duncan Forbes mentioned it at dinner the other day.”

“And I was come up frae the north, sir, to see what could be done for her in the way of getting a reprieve or pardon, sir, or the like of that.”

“Alas! my poor girl,” said the duke, “you have made a long and a sad journey to very

little purpose—Your sister is ordered for execution.”

“But I am given to understand that there is law for reprieving her, if it is in the king’s pleasure,” said Jeanie.

“Certainly there is,” said the duke; “but that is purely in the king’s breast. The crime has been but too common—the Scots crown-lawyers think it is right there should be an example. Then the late disorders in Edinburgh have excited a prejudice in government against the nation at large, which they think can only be managed by measures of intimidation and severity. What argument have you, my poor girl, except the warmth of your sisterly affection, to offer against all this?—What is your interest?—What friends have you at court?”

“None, excepting God and your grace,” said Jeanie, still keeping her ground resolutely, however.

“Alas!” said the duke, “I could almost say with old Ormond, that there could not be any, whose influence was smaller with kings and ministers. It is a cruel part of our situation, young woman—I mean of the situation of men in my circumstances, that the public ascribe to them influence which they do not possess; and that individuals are led to expect from them assistance, which we have no means of rendering. But candour and plain-dealing is in the power of every one, and I must not let you imagine you have resources in my influence, which

do not exist, to make your distress the heavier—I have no means of averting your sister's fate—She must die.”

“We must a’ die, sir,” said Jeanie; “it is our common doom for our father’s transgression; but we shouldna hasten ilk other out o’ the world, that’s what your honour kens better than me.”

“My good young woman,” said the duke, mildly, “we are all apt to blame the law under which we immediately suffer; but you seem to have been well educated in your line of life, and you must know that it is alike the law of God and man, that the murderer shall surely die.”

“But, sir, Effie—that is my poor sister, sir—canna be proved to be a murderer; and if she be not, and the law take her life notwithstanding, wha is it that is the murderer then?”

“I am no lawyer,” said the duke; “and I own I think the statute a very severe one.”

“You are a law-maker, sir, with your leave; and, therefore, ye have power over the law,” answered Jeanie.

“Not in my individual capacity,” said the duke; “though, as one of a large body, I have a voice in the legislation. But that cannot serve you—nor have I at present, I care not who knows it, so much personal influence with the sovereign, as would entitle me to ask from him the most insignificant favour. What could tempt you, young woman, to address yourself to me?”

“It was yoursel, sir.”

“Myself?” he replied—“I am sure you have never seen me before.”

“No, sir; but a’ the world kens that the Duke of Argyle is the country’s friend; and that ye fight for the right, and speak for the right, and that there’s nane like your’s in our present Israel, and so they that think themselves wranged draw to refuge under your shadow; and if ye wunna stir to save the blood of an innocent country-woman of your ain, what should we expect frae southernns and strangers? And maybe I had another reason for troubling your honour.”

“And what is that?” asked the duke.

“I hae understood frae my father, that your honour’s house, and especially your gudesire and his father, laid down their lives on the scaffold in the persecuting time. And my father was honoured to gie his testimony baith in the cage and in the pillory, as is specially mentioned in the books of Peter Walker the packman, that your honour, I dare say, kens, for he uses maist partly the west-land of Scotland. And, sir, there’s ane that takes concern in me, that wished me to gang to your grace’s presence, for his gudesire had done your gracious gudesire some good turn, as ye will see frae these papers.”

With these words, she delivered to the duke the little parcel which she had received from Butler. He opened it, and, in the envelope, read with some surprise, “Muster-roll of the men serving in the troop of that godly gentleman, Captain Salathiel Bangtext.—Obadiah Mug-

gleton, Sin-Despise Double-knock, Stand-fast-in-faith Gipps, Turn-to-the-right Thwack-away—What the deuce is this? A list of Praise-God Bare-bones's Parliament I think, or of old Noll's evangelical army—that last fellow should understand his wheelings, to judge by his name.—But what does all this mean, my girl?”

“It was the other paper, sir,” said Jeanie, somewhat abashed at the mistake.

“O, this is my unfortunate grandfather's hand sure enough—‘To all who may have friendship for the house of Argyle, these are to certify, that Benjamin Butler, of Monk's regiment of dragoons, having been, under God, the means of saving my life from four English troopers who were about to slay me, I, having no other present means of recompense in my power, do give him this acknowledgment, hoping that it may be useful to him or his during these troublesome times; and do conjure my friends, tenants, kinsmen, and whoever will do aught for me, either in the Highlands or Lowlands, to protect and assist the said Benjamin Butler, and his friends or family, on their lawful occasions, giving them such countenance, maintenance, and supply, as may correspond with the benefit he hath bestowed on me, witness my hand—

‘LORNE.’

“This is a strong injunction—This Benjamin Butler was your grandfather, I suppose?—You seem too young to have been his daughter.”

“He was nae akin to me, sir—he was grand-

father to ane—to a neighbour's son—to a sincere well-wisher of mine, sir," dropping her little curtsy as she spoke.

"O, I understand," said the duke—"a true-love affair. He was the grandsire of one you are engaged to?"

"One I *was* engaged to, sir," said Jeanie, sighing; "but this unhappy business of my poor sister"—

"What!" said the duke, hastily,—"he has not deserted you on that account, has he?"

"No, sir; he wad be the last to leave a friend in difficulties," said Jeanie; "but I maun think for him as weel as for mysel. He is a clergyman, sir, and it would not beseem him to marry the like of me, wi' this disgrace on my kindred."

"You are a singular young woman," said the duke. "You seem to me to think of every one before yourself. And have you really come up from Edinburgh on foot, to attempt this hopeless solicitation for your sister's life?"

"It was not a'thegither on foot, sir," answered Jeanie; "for I sometimes got a cast in a waggon, and I had a horse from Ferrybridge, and then the coach."

"Well, never mind all that," interrupted the duke.—"What reason have you for thinking your sister innocent?"

"Because she has not been proved guilty, as will appear from looking at these papers."

She put into his hand a note of the evidence, and copies of her sister's declaration. These

papers Butler had procured after her departure, and Saddletree had them forwarded to London, to Mrs Glass's care, so that Jeanie found the documents, so necessary for supporting her suit, lying in readiness at her arrival.

« Sit down in that chair, my good girl,» said the duke, « until I glance over the papers.»

She obeyed, and watched with the utmost anxiety each change in his countenance as he cast his eye through the papers briefly, yet with attention, and making memoranda as he went along. After reading them hastily over, he looked up, and seemed about to speak, yet changed his purpose, as if afraid of committing himself by giving too hasty an opinion, and read over again several passages which he had marked as being most important. All this he did in shorter time than can be supposed by men of ordinary talents; for his mind was of that acute and penetrating character which discovers with the glance of intuition what facts bear on the particular point that chances to be subjected to consideration. At length he rose after a few minutes deep reflection. — « Young woman,» said he, « your sister's case must certainly be termed a hard one.»

« God bless you, sir, for that very word,» said Jeanie.

« It seems contrary to the genius of British law,» continued the duke, « to take that for granted which is not proved, or to punish with death for a crime, which, for aught the prose-

cutor has been able to show, may not have been committed at all.”

“God bless you, sir,” again said Jeanie, who had risen from her seat, and, with clasped hands, eyes glittering through tears, and features which trembled with anxiety, drank in every word which the duke uttered.

“But alas! my poor girl,” he continued, “what good will my opinion do you, unless I could impress it upon those in whose hands your sister’s life is placed by the law? Besides, I am no lawyer; and I must speak with some of our Scottish gentlemen of the gown about the matter.”

“O but, sir, what seems reasonable to your honour, will certainly be the same to them,” answered Jeanie.

“I do not know that,” replied the duke; “ilka man buckles his belt his ain gate—you know our old Scots proverb?—But you shall not have placed this reliance on me altogether in vain. Leave these papers with me, and you shall hear from me to-morrow or next day. Take care to be at home at Mrs Glass’s, and ready to come to me at a moment’s warning. It will be unnecessary for you to give Mrs Glass the trouble to attend you;—and, by the bye, you will please to be dressed just as you are at present.”

“I wad hae putten on a cap, sir,” said Jeanie, “but your honour kens it isna the fashion of my country for single women; and I judged

that being sae mony hundred miles frae hame, your grace's heart wad warm to the tartan," looking at the corner of her plaid.

"You judged quite right," said the duke. "I know the full value of the snood; and MacCallummore's heart will be as cold as death can make it, when it does *not* warm to the tartan. Now, go away, and don't be out of the way when I send."

Jeanie replied,—*"There is little fear of that, sir, for I have little heart to go to see sights amang this wilderness of black houses. But if I might say to your gracious honour, that if ye ever condescend to speak to ony ane that is of greater degree than yoursel, though maybe it is nae civil in me to say sae, just if you would think there can be nae sic odds between you and them, as between poor Jeanie Deans from Saint Leonard's and the Duke of Argyle; and so dinna be chappit back or cast down wi' the first rough answer."*

"I am not apt," said the duke, laughing, "to mind rough answers much—Do not you hope too much from what I have promised. I will do my best, but God has the hearts of kings in his own hand."

Jeanie curtsied reverently and withdrew, attended by the duke's gentleman, to her hackney-coach, with a respect which her appearance did not demand, but which was perhaps paid to the length of interview with which his master had honoured her.

CHAPTER XI.

——ascend,

While radiant summer opens all its pride,
Thy hill, delightful Shene! Here let us sweep
The boundless landscape.

THOMSON.

FROM her kind and officious, but somewhat gossipping friend, Mrs Glass, Jeanie underwent a very close catechism on their road to the Strand, where the Thistle of the good lady flourished in full glory, and, with its legend of *Nemo me impune*, distinguished a shop then well known to all Scottish folks of high and low degree.

« And were you sure aye to say your grace to him?» said the good old lady; « for ane should make a distinction between MacCallummore and the bits o' southern bodies that they ca' lords here — there are as mony o' them, Jeanie, as would gar ane think they maun cost but little fash in the making — some of them I wadna trust wi' six pennies worth of black rappee — some of them I wadna gie mysel the trouble to put up a hapnyworth in brown paper for — But

I hope you showed your breeding to the Duke of Argyle, for what sort of folks would he think your friends in London, if you had been lording him, and him a duke?"

"He didna seem muckle to mind," said Jeanie; "he kenn'd that I was landward bred."

"Weel, weel," answered the good lady. "His grace kens me weel; so I am the less anxious about it. I never fill his snuff-box but he says, 'How d'ye do, good Mrs Glass?—How are all our friends in the North?' or it maybe—'Have ye heard from the North lately?' And you may be sure, I make my best curtsey, and answer, My lord duke, I hope your grace's noble duchess, and your grace's young ladies, are well; and I hope the snuff continues to give your grace satisfaction. And then ye will see the people in the shop begin to look about them; and if there's a Scotsman, as there may be three or half a dozen, aff go the hats, and mony a look after him, and there goes the Prince of Scotland, God bless him. But ye have not told me yet the very words he said t'ye."

Jeanie had no intention to be quite so communicative. She had, as the reader may have observed, some of the caution and shrewdness, as well as of the simplicity of her country. She answered generally, that the duke had received her very compassionately, and had promised to interest himself in her sister's affair, and to let her hear from him in the course of the next day, or the day after. She did not chuse to make any

mention of his having desired her to be in readiness to attend him, far less of his hint, that she should not bring her landlady. So that honest Mrs Glass was obliged to remain satisfied with the general intelligence above mentioned, after having done all she could to extract more.

It may easily be conceived, that, on the next day, Jeanie declined all invitations and inducements, whether of exercise or curiosity, to walk abroad, and continued to inhale the close; and somewhat professional atmosphere of Mrs Glass's small parlour. The latter flavour it owed to a certain cupboard, containing, among other articles, a few cannisters of real Havannah, which, whether from respect to the manufacture, or out of a reverend fear of the exciseman, Mrs Glass did not care to trust in the open shop below, and which communicated to the room a scent, that, however fragrant to the nostrils of the connoisseur, was not very agreeable to those of Jeanie.

“ Dear sirs,” she said to herself, “ I wonder how my cousin's silk manty, and her gowd watch, or ony thing in the world, can be worth sitting sneezing all her life in this little stifling room, and might walk on green braes if she liked.”

Mrs Glass was equally surprised at her cousin's reluctance to stir abroad, and her indifference to the fine sights of London. “ It would always help to pass away the time,” she said, “ to have something to look at, though ane was in distress.” But Jeanie was unpersuadable.

The day after her interview with the duke was spent in that «hope delayed, which maketh the heart sick.» Minutes glided after minutes—hours fled after hours—it became too late to have any reasonable expectation of hearing from the duke that day; yet the hope which she disowned, she could not altogether relinquish, and her heart throbbed, and her ears tingled, with every casual sound in the shop below. It was in vain. The day wore away in the anxiety of protracted and fruitless expectation.

The next morning commenced in the same manner. But, before noon, a well-dressed gentleman entered Mrs Glass's shop, and requested to see a young woman from Scotland.

«That will be my cousin, Jeanie Deans, Mr Archibald,» said Mrs Glass, with a curtesy of recognizance. «Have you any message for her from his grace the Duke of Argyle, Mr Archibald? I will carry it to her in a moment.»

«I believe I must give her the trouble of stepping down, Mrs Glass.»

«Jeanie—Jeanie Deans!» said Mrs Glass, screaming at the bottom of the little staircase, which ascended from the corner of the shop to the higher regions. «Jeanie—Jeanie Deans, I say, come down stairs instantly; here is the Duke of Argyle's groom of the chambers desires to see you directly.» This was announced in a voice so loud, as to make all who chanced to be within hearing, aware of the important communication.

It may easily be supposed, that Jeanie did not tarry long in adjusting herself to attend the summons, yet her feet almost failed her as she came down stairs.

« I must ask the favour of your company a little way, » said Archibald, with civility.

« I am quite ready, sir, » said Jeanie.

« Is my cousin going out, Mr Archibald? then I will hae to go wi' her no doubt.—James Rasper—Look to the shop, James.—Mr Archibald, » pushing a jar towards him, « you take his grace's mixture, I think. Please to fill your box, for old acquaintance sake, while I get on my things. »

Mr Archibald transposed a modest parcel of snuff from the jar to his own mull, but said he was obliged to decline the pleasure of Mrs Glass's company, as his message was particularly to the young person.

« Particularly to the young person? » said Mrs Glass; « is not that uncommon, Mr Archibald? But his grace is the best judge; and you are a steady person, Mr Archibald. It is not every one that comes from a great man's house, I would trust my cousin with. But, Jeanie, you must not go through the streets with Mr Archibald with your tartan what d'ye call it there, upon your shoulders, as you had come up with a drove of Highland cattle. Wait till I bring down my silk cloak. Why we'll have the mob after you? »

« I have a hackney-coach in waiting, madam, »

said Mr Archibald, interrupting the officious old lady, from whom Jeanie might otherwise have found it difficult to escape, "and, I believe, I must not allow her time for any change of dress."

So saying, he hurried Jeanie into the coach, while she internally praised and wondered at the easy manner in which he shifted off Mrs Glass's officious offers and enquiries, without mentioning his master's orders, or entering into any explanation.

On entering the coach, Mr Archibald seated himself in the front seat, opposite to our heroine, and they drove on in silence. After they had driven nearly half an hour, without a word on either side, it occurred to Jeanie, that the distance and time did not correspond with that which had been occupied by her journey on the former occasion to, and from, the residence of the Duke of Argyle. At length she could not help asking her taciturn companion, "Whilk way they were going?"

"My lord duke will inform you himself, madam," answered Archibald, with the same solemn courtesy, which marked his whole demeanour. Almost as he spoke, the hackney-coach drew up, and the coachman dismounted and opened the door. Archibald got out and assisted Jeanie to get down. She found herself in a large turnpike road, without the bounds of London, upon the other side of which road was drawn up a plain chariot and four horses, the

pannels without arms, and the servants without liveries.

« You have been punctual, I see, Jeanie, » said the Duke of Argyle, as Archibald opened the carriage door. « You must be my companion for the rest of the way. Archibald will remain here with the hackney-coach till your return. »

Ere Jeanie could make answer, she found herself, to her no small astonishment, seated by the side of a duke, in a carriage which rolled forward at a rapid yet smooth rate, very different in both particulars from the lumbering, jolting vehicle which she had just left; and which, lumbering and jolting as it was, conveyed to one, who had never been in a coach before, a certain feeling of dignity and importance.

« Young woman, » said the duke, « after thinking as attentively on your sister's case as is in my power, I continue to be impressed with the belief that great injustice may be done by the execution of her sentence. So are one or two liberal and intelligent lawyers of both countries whom I have spoken with.—Nay, pray hear me out before you thank me.—I have already told you my personal conviction is of little consequence, unless I could impress the same upon others. Now I have done for you, what I would certainly not have done to serve any purpose of my own—I have asked an audience of a lady whose interest with the king is deservedly very high. It has been allowed me, and I am desir-

ous that 'you should see her and speak for yourself. You have no occasion to be abashed; tell your story simply as you did to me."

"I am much obliged to your grace," said Jeanie, remembering Mrs Glass's charge, "and I am sure since I have had the courage to speak to your grace, in poor Effie's cause, I have less reason to be shame-faced in speaking to a leddy. But, sir, I would like to ken what to ca' her, whether your grace, or your honour, or your leddyship, as we say to lairds and leddies in Scotland, and I will take care to mind it; for I ken leddies are full mair particular than gentlemen about their titles of honour."

"You have no occasion to call her any thing but madam. Just say what you think is likely to make the best impression—look at me from time to time—if I put my hand to my cravat so—(shewing her the motion)—you will stop; but I shall only do this when you say any thing that is not likely to please."

"But, sir, your grace," said Jeanie, "if it wasna ower muckle trouble, wad it na be better to tell me what I should say, and I could get it by heart?"

"No, Jeanie, that would not have the same effect—that would be like reading a sermon you know, which we good presbyterians think has less unction than when spoken without book," replied the duke. "Just speak as plainly and boldly to this lady, as you did to me the day before yesterday; and if you can gain her consent,

I'll wad ye a plack, as we say in the north, that you get the pardon from the king."

As he spoke, he took a pamphlet from his pocket, and began to read. Jeanie had good sense and tact, which constitute betwixt them that which is called natural good breeding. She interpreted the duke's manœuvre as a hint that she was to ask no more questions, and she remained silent accordingly.

The carriage rolled rapidly onwards through fertile meadows, ornamented with splendid old oaks, and catching occasionally a glance of the majestic mirror of a broad and placid river. After passing through a pleasant village, the equipage stopped on a commanding eminence, where the beauty of English landscape was displayed in its utmost luxuriance. Here the duke alighted, and desired Jeanie to follow him. They paused for a moment on the brow of a hill, to gaze on the unrivalled landscape which it presented. A huge sea of verdure, with crossing and intersecting promontories of massive and tufted groves, was tenanted by numberless flocks and herds, which seemed to wander unrestrained and unbounded through the rich pastures. The Thames, here turreted with villas, and there garlanded with forests, moved on slowly and placidly, like the mighty monarch of the scene, to whom all its other beauties were but accessories, and bore on his bosom an hundred barks and skiffs, whose white sails and gaily fluttering pennons gave life to the whole.

The Duke of Argyle was, of course, familiar with this scene; but to a man of genius, it must be always new. Yet, as he paused and looked on this inimitable landscape, with the feeling of delight which it must give to the bosom of every admirer of nature, his thoughts naturally reverted to his own more grand, yet scarce less beautiful, domains of Inverary.—“This is a fine scene,” he said to his companion, curious, perhaps, to draw out her sentiments; “we have nothing like it in Scotland.”

“It’s braw rich feeding for the cows, and they have a fine breed o’ cattle here,” replied Jeanie; “but I like just as weel to look at the craigs of Arthur’s Seat, and the sea coming in ayont them, as at a’ thae muckle trees.”

The duke smiled at a reply equally professional and national, and made a signal for the carriage to remain where it was. Then adopting an unfrequented footpath, he conducted Jeanie, through several complicated mazes, to a postern-door in a high brick wall. It was shut; but as the duke tapped slightly at it, a person in waiting within, after reconnoitring through a small iron-grate contrived for the purpose, unlocked the door, and admitted them. They entered, and it was immediately closed and fastened behind them. This was all done quickly, the door so instantly closing, and the person who had opened it so suddenly disappearing, that Jeanie could not even catch a glance of his exterior.

They found themselves at the extremity of a

deep and narrow alley, carpetted with the most verdant and close shaven turf, which felt like velvet under their feet, and screened from the sun by the branches of the lofty elms which united over the path, and caused it to resemble, in the solemn obscurity of the light which they admitted, as well as from the range of columnar stems, and intricate union of their arched branches, one of the narrow side aisles in an ancient Gothic cathedral.

CHAPTER XII.

—— I beseech you—

These tears beseech you, and these chaste hands woo you,
That never yet were heaved but to things holy—
Things like yourself—You are God above us;
Be as a God, then, full of saving mercy!

The Bloody Brother.

ENCOURAGED as she was by the courteous manners of her noble countryman, it was not without a feeling of something like terror that Jeanie felt herself in a place apparently so lonely, with a man of such high rank. That she should have been permitted to wait on the duke in his own house, and have been there received to a private interview, was in itself an uncommon and distinguished event in the annals of a life so simple as her's; but to find herself his travelling companion in a journey, and then suddenly to be left alone with him in so secluded a situation, had something in it of awful mystery. A romantic heroine might have suspected and dreaded the power of her own charms; but Jeanie was too wise to let such a silly thought intrude on her

mind. Still, however, she had a most eager desire to know where she now was, and to whom she was to be presented.

She remarked that the duke's dress, though still such as indicated rank and fashion, (for it was not the custom of men of quality at that time to dress themselves like their own coachmen or grooms,) was nevertheless plainer than that in which she had seen him upon a former occasion, and was divested, in particular, of all those badges of external decoration which intimated superior consequence. In short, he was attired as plainly as any gentleman of fashion could appear in the streets of London in a morning; and this circumstance helped to shake an opinion which Jeanie began to entertain, that, perhaps, he intended she should plead her cause in the presence of royalty itself. "But, surely," said she to herself, "he wad hae putten on his braw star and garter, an he had thought o' coming before the face of Majesty—and after a', this is mair like a gentleman's policy than a royal palace."

There was some sense in Jeanie's reasoning; yet she was not sufficiently mistress either of the circumstances of etiquette, or the particular relations which existed betwixt the government and the Duke of Argyle, to form an accurate judgment. The duke, as we have said, was at this time in open opposition to the administration of Sir Robert Walpole, and was understood to be out of favour with the royal family, to

whom he had rendered such important services. But it was a maxim of Queen Caroline, to bear herself towards her political friends with such caution, as if there was a possibility of their one day being her enemies, and towards political opponents with the same degree of circumspection, as if they might again become friendly to her measures. Since Margaret of Anjou, no queen-consort had exercised such weight in the political affairs of England, and the personal address which she displayed on many occasions, had no small share in reclaiming from their political heresy many of those determined tories, who, after the reign of the Stuarts had been extinguished in the person of Queen Anne, were disposed rather to transfer their allegiance to her brother the Chevalier de St George, than to acquiesce in the settlement of the crown on the Hanover family. Her husband, whose most shining quality was courage in the field of battle, and who endured the office of King of England, without ever being able to acquire English habits, or any familiarity with English dispositions, found the utmost assistance from the address of his partner, and while he jealously affected to do every thing according to his own will and pleasure, was in secret prudent enough to take and follow the advice of his more adroit consort. He entrusted to her the delicate office of determining the various degrees of favour necessary to attach the wavering, or to confirm those who

were already friendly, or to regain those whose good-will had been lost.

With all the winning address of an elegant, and, according to the times, an accomplished woman, Queen Caroline possessed the masculine soul of the other sex. She was proud by nature, and even her policy could not always temper her expressions of displeasure, although few were more ready at repairing any false step of this kind, when her prudence came up to the aid of her passions. She loved the real possession of power, rather than the shew of it, and whatever she did herself that was either wise or popular, she always desired that the King should have the full credit as well as the advantage of the measure, conscious that by adding to his respectability, she was most likely to maintain her own. And so desirous was she to comply with all his tastes, that, when threatened with the gout, she had repeatedly had recourse to checking the fit, by the use of the cold bath, thereby endangering her life that she might be able to attend the king in his walks.

It was a very consistent part of Queen Caroline's character, to keep up many private correspondences with those to whom in public she seemed unfavourable, or who, for various reasons, stood ill with the court. By this means she kept in her hands the thread of many a political intrigue, and, without pledging herself to any thing, could often prevent discontent from

becoming hatred, and opposition from exaggerating itself into rebellion. If by any accident her correspondence with such persons chanced to be observed or discovered, which she took all possible pains to prevent, it was represented as a mere intercourse of society, having no reference to politics; an answer with which even the prime minister, Sir Robert Walpole, was compelled to remain satisfied, when he discovered that the Queen had given a private audience to Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath, his most formidable and most inveterate enemy.

In thus maintaining occasional intercourse with several persons who seemed most alienated from the crown, it may readily be supposed, that Queen Caroline had taken care not to break entirely with the Duke of Argyle. His high birth, his great talents, the estimation in which he was held in his own country, the great services which he had rendered the House of Brunswick in 1715, placed him high in that rank of persons who were not to be rashly neglected. He had, almost by his single and unassisted talents, stopped the irruption of the banded force of all the Highland chiefs; there was little doubt, that with the slightest encouragement, he could put them all in motion, and renew the civil war; and it was well known that the most flattering overtures had been transmitted to the duke from the court of St Germain. The character and temper of Scotland was still little known, and it was considered as a volcano,

which might, indeed, slumber for a series of years, but was still liable, at a moment the least unexpected, to break out into a wasteful eruption. It was, therefore, of the highest importance to retain some hold over so important a personage as the Duke of Argyle, and Caroline preserved the means of doing so by means of a lady, with whom, as wife of George II., she might have been supposed to be on less intimate terms.

It was not the least instance of the Queen's address, that she had contrived that one of her principal attendants, Lady Suffolk, should unite in her own person the two apparently inconsistent characters of her husband's mistress, and her own very obsequious and complaisant confidante. By this dextrous management the Queen secured her power against the danger which might most have threatened it—the thwarting influence of an ambitious rival; and if she submitted to the mortification of being obliged to connive at her husband's infidelity, she was at least guarded against what she might think its most dangerous effects, and was besides at liberty, now and then, to bestow a few civil insults upon «her good Howard,» whom, however, in general, she treated with great decorum. Lady Suffolk lay under strong obligations to the Duke of Argyle, for reasons which may be collected from Horace Walpole's Reminiscences of that reign, and through her means the duke had some occasional correspondence with Queen

Caroline, much interrupted, however, since the part he had taken in the debate concerning the Porteous mob, an affair which the Queen was disposed to resent, rather as an intended and premeditated insolence to her own person and authority, than as a sudden ebullition of popular vengeance. Still, however, the communication remained open betwixt them, though it had been of late disused on both sides. These remarks will be found necessary to understand the scene which is about to be presented to the reader.

From the narrow alley which they had traversed, the duke turned into one of the same character, but broader and still longer. Here, for the first time since they had entered these gardens, Jeanie saw persons approaching them.

They were two ladies; one of whom walked a little behind the other, yet not so much as to prevent her from hearing and replying to whatever observation was addressed to her. As they advanced very slowly, Jeanie had time to study their features and appearance. The duke also slackened his pace, as if to give her time to collect herself, and repeatedly desired her not to be afraid. The lady who seemed the principal person had remarkably good features, though somewhat injured by the small-pox, that venomous scourge which each village Esculapius (thanks to Jenner,) can now tame as easily as their tutelary deity subdued the Python. The lady's eyes were brilliant, her teeth good, and her countenance formed to express at will either

majesty or courtesy. Her form, though rather *en-bon-point*, was nevertheless graceful; and the elasticity and firmness of her step gave no room to suspect, what was actually the case, that she suffered occasionally from a disorder the most unfavourable to pedestrian exercise. Her dress was rather rich than gay, and her manner commanding and noble.

Her companion was of lower stature, with light-brown hair and expressive blue eyes. Her features, without being absolutely regular, were perhaps more pleasing than if they had been critically handsome. A melancholy, or at least a pensive expression, for which her lot gave too much cause, predominated when she was silent, but gave way to a pleasing and good-humoured smile when she spoke to any one.

When they were within twelve or fifteen yards of these ladies, the duke made a sign that Jeanie should stand still, and stepping forward himself, with the grace which was natural to him, made a profound obeisance, which was formally, yet in a dignified manner, returned by the personage whom he approached.

“I hope,” she said, with an affable and condescending smile, “that I see so great a stranger at court, as the Duke of Argyle has been of late, in as good health as his friends there and elsewhere could wish him to enjoy.”

The duke replied, “That he had been perfectly well;” and added, “that the necessity of attending to the public business before the

House, as well as the time occupied by a late journey to Scotland, had rendered him less assiduous in paying his duty at the levee and drawing-room than he could have desired."

"When your grace *can* find time for a duty so frivolous," replied the Queen, "you are aware of your title to be well received. I hope my readiness to comply with the wish which you expressed yesterday to Lady Suffolk, is a sufficient proof that one of the royal family, at least, has not forgotten ancient and important services, in resenting something which resembles recent neglect." This was said apparently with great good-humour, and in a tone which expressed a desire of conciliation.

The duke replied, "that he would account himself the most unfortunate of men, if he could be supposed capable of neglecting his duty, in modes and circumstances when it was expected, and would have been agreeable. He was deeply gratified by the honour which her Majesty was now doing to him personally; and he trusted she would soon perceive, that it was in a matter essential to his Majesty's interest that he had the boldness to give her this trouble."

"You cannot oblige me more, my lord duke," replied the Queen, "than by giving me the advantage of your lights and experience on any point of the King's service. Your grace is aware, that I can only be the medium through which the matter is subjected to his Majesty's superior wisdom; but if it is a suit which respects your

grace personally, it shall lose no support by being preferred through me."

"It is no suit of mine, madam," replied the duke; "nor have I any to prefer for myself personally, although I feel in full force my obligation to your Majesty. It is a business which concerns his Majesty, as a lover of justice and of mercy, and which I am convinced may be highly useful in conciliating the unfortunate irritation which at present subsists among his Majesty's good subjects in Scotland."

There were two parts of this speech disagreeable to Caroline. In the first place, it removed the flattering notion she had adopted, that Argyll designed to use her personal intercession in making his peace with the administration, and recovering the employments of which he had been deprived; and then she was displeased that he should talk of the discontents in Scotland as irritations to be conciliated, rather than suppressed.

Under the influence of these feelings, she answered hastily, "That his Majesty has good subjects in England, my lord duke, he is bound to thank God and the laws — that he has subjects in Scotland, I think he may thank God and his sword."

The duke, though a courtier, coloured slightly, and the Queen, instantly sensible of her error, added, without displaying the least change of countenance, and as if the words had been an original branch of the sentence — "And the swords of those real Scotchmen who are friends

to the House of Brunswick, particularly that of his Grace of Argyle.»

« My sword, madam,» replied the duke, « like that of my fathers, has been always at the command of my lawful king, and of my native country—I trust it is impossible to separate their real rights and interests. But the present is a matter of more private concern, and respects the person of an obscure individual.»

« What is the affair, my lord?» said the Queen. « Let us find out what we are talking about, lest we should misconstrue and misunderstand each other.»

« The matter, madam,» answered the Duke of Argyle, « regards the fate of an unfortunate young woman in Scotland, now lying under sentence of death, for a crime of which I think it highly probable that she is innocent. And my humble petition to your Majesty is, to obtain your powerful intercession with the King for a pardon.»

It was now the Queen's turn to colour, and she did so over cheek and brow—neck and bosom. She paused a moment, as if unwilling to trust her voice with the first expression of her displeasure; and on assuming an air of dignity and an austere regard of controul, she at length replied, « My lord duke, I will not ask your motives for addressing to me a request, which circumstances have rendered such an extraordinary one. Your road to the King's closet, as a peer and a privy-counsellor entitled to request an audience, was

open, without giving me the pain of this discussion. *I*, at least, have had enough of Scotch pardons."

The duke was prepared for this burst of indignation, and he was not shaken by it. He did not attempt a reply while the Queen was in the first heat of displeasure, but remained in the same firm, yet respectful posture, which he had assumed during the interview. The Queen, trained from her situation to self-command, instantly perceived the advantage she might give against herself by yielding to passion; and added, in the same condescending and affable tone in which she had opened the interview, "You must allow me some of the privileges of the sex, my lord; and do not judge uncharitably of me, though I am a little moved at the recollection of the gross insult and outrage done in your capital city to the royal authority, at the very time when it was vested in my unworthy person. Your grace cannot be surprised that I should both have felt it at the time, and recollected it now."

"It is certainly a matter not speedily to be forgotten," answered the duke. "My own poor thoughts of it have been long before your Majesty, and I must have expressed myself very ill if I did not convey my detestation of the murder which was committed under such extraordinary circumstances. I might, indeed, be so unfortunate as to differ with his Majesty's advisers on the degree in which it was either just or politic to punish the innocent instead of the guilty. But

I trust your Majesty will permit me to be silent on a topic in which my sentiments have not the good fortune to coincide with those of more able men."

"We will not prosecute a topic on which we may probably differ," said the Queen. "One word, however, I may say in private—You know our good Lady Suffolk is a little deaf—the Duke of Argyle, when disposed to renew his acquaintance with his master and mistress, will hardly find many topics on which we should disagree."

"Let me hope," said the duke, bowing profoundly to so flattering an intimation, "that I shall not be so unfortunate as to have found one on the present occasion."

"I must first impose on your grace the duty of confession," said the Queen, "before I grant you absolution. What is your particular interest in this young woman? She does not seem (and she scanned Jeanie as she said this with the eye of a connoisseur) much qualified to alarm my friend the duchess's jealousy."

"I think your Majesty," replied the duke, smiling in his turn, "will allow my taste may be a pledge for me on that score."

"Then, though she has not much the air *d'une grande dame*, I suppose she is some thirtieth cousin in the terrible chapter of Scottish genealogy."

"No, madam," said the duke; "but I wish some of my nearer relations had half her worth, honesty, and affection."

“ Her name must be Campbell at least ? ” said Queen Caroline.

“ No, madam ; her name is not quite so distinguished, if I may be permitted to say so, ” answered the duke.

“ Ah ! but she comes from Inverara or Argyleshire ? ” said the Sovereign.

“ She has never been farther north in her life than Edinburgh, madam. ”

“ Then my conjectures are all ended, ” said the Queen, “ and your grace must yourself take the trouble to explain the affair of your *protégée*. ”

With that precision and easy brevity which is only acquired by habitually conversing in the higher ranks of society, and which is the diametrical opposite of that protracted style of disquisition,

“ Which squires call potter, and which men call prose, ”

the duke explained the singular law under which Effie Deans had received sentence of death, and detailed the affectionate exertions which Jeanie had made in behalf of a sister, for whose sake she was willing to sacrifice all but truth and conscience.

Queen Caroline listened with attention ; she was rather fond, it must be remembered, of an argument, and soon found matter in what the duke told her for raising difficulties to his request.

“ It appears to me, my lord, ” she replied,

« that this is a severe law. But still it is adopted upon good grounds, I am bound to suppose, as the law of the country, and the girl has been convicted under it. The very presumptions which the law construes into a positive proof of guilt exist in her case; and all that your grace has said concerning the possibility of her innocence may be a very good argument for annulling the Act of Parliament, but cannot, while it stands good, be admitted in favour of any individual convicted upon the statute.»

The duke saw and avoided the snare, for he was conscious, that, by replying to the argument, he must have been inevitably led to a discussion, in the course of which the Queen was likely to be hardened in her own opinion, until she became obliged out of mere respect to consistency, to let the criminal suffer. « If your Majesty,» he said, « would condescend to hear my poor countrywoman herself, perhaps she may find an advocate in your own heart, more able than I am to combat the doubts suggested by your understanding.»

The Queen seemed to acquiesce, and the duke made a signal for Jeanie to advance from the spot where she had hitherto remained watching countenances, which were too long accustomed to suppress all apparent signs of emotion, to convey to her any interesting intelligence. Her Majesty could not help smiling at the awe-struck manner in which the quiet demure figure of the little Scotchwoman advanced towards her, and

yet more at the first sound of her broad northern accent. But Jeanie had a voice low and sweetly toned, an admirable thing in woman, and eke besought « her Laddyship to have pity on a poor misguided young creature, » in tones so affecting, that, like the notes of some of her native songs, provincial vulgarity was lost in pathos.

« Stand up, young woman, » said the Queen, but in a kind tone, « and tell me what sort of a barbarous people your countryfolks are, where child-murder is become so common as to require the restraint of laws like your's ? »

« If your Laddyship pleases, » answered Jeanie, « there are mony places besides Scotland where mothers are unkind to their ain flesh and blood. »

It must be observed, that the disputes between George the Second, and Frederick, Prince of Wales, were then at the highest, and that the good-natured part of the public laid the blame on the Queen. She coloured highly, and darted a glance of a most penetrating character first at Jeanie, and then at the duke. Both sustained it unmoved; Jeanie from total unconsciousness of the offence she had given, and the duke from his habitual composure. But in his heart he thought, My unlucky *protégée* has, with this luckless answer, shot dead, by a kind of chance-medley, her only hope of success.

Lady Suffolk, good-humouredly and skilfully, interposed in this awkward crisis. « You should tell this lady, » she said to Jeanie, « the particular

causes which render this crime common in your country.”

“Some thinks it’s the Kirk-Session — that is — it’s the — it’s the cutty-stool, if your Laddyship pleases,” said Jeanie, looking down, and curt-seying.

“The what?” said Lady Suffolk, to whom the phrase was new, and who besides was rather deaf.

“That’s the stool of repentance, madam, if it please your Laddyship,” answered Jeanie, “for light life and conversation, and for breaking the seventh command.” Here she raised her eyes to the duke, saw his hand at his chin, and, totally unconscious of what she had said out of joint, gave double effect to the innuendo, by stopping short and looking embarrassed.

As for Lady Suffolk, she retired like a covering party, which, having interposed betwixt their retreating friends and the enemy, have suddenly drawn on themselves a fire unexpectedly severe.

The deuce take the lass, thought the Duke of Argyle to himself; there goes another shot — and she has killed with both barrels right and left.

Indeed the duke had himself his share of the confusion, for, having acted as master of ceremonies to this innocent offender, he felt much in the circumstances of a country-squire, who, having introduced his spaniel into a well-appointed drawing-room, is doomed to witness the disorder and damage which arises to china and to

dress-gowns, in consequence of its untimely frolics. Jeanie's last chance-hit, however, obliterated the ill impression which had arisen from the first; for her Majesty had not so lost the feelings of a wife in those of a Queen, but what she could enjoy a jest at the expence of "her good Suffolk." She turned towards the Duke of Argyle with a smile, which marked that she enjoyed the triumph, and observed, "the Scotch are a rigidly moral people." Then again applying herself to Jeanie, she asked, how she travelled up from Scotland.

"Upon my foot mostly, madam," was the reply.

"What, all that immense way upon foot?—How far can you walk in a day?"

"Five and twenty miles and a bittock."

"And a what?" said the Queen, looking towards the Duke of Argyle.

"And about five miles more," replied the duke.

"I thought I was a good walker," said the Queen, "but this shames me sadly."

"May your leddyship never hae sae weary a heart, that ye canna be sensible of the weariness of the limbs," said Jeanie.

That came better off, thought the duke; it's the first thing she has said to the purpose.

"And I didna just a'thegither walk the hail way neither, for I had whiles the cast of a cart; and I had the cast of a horse from Ferrybridge,

and divers other easements," said Jeanie, cutting short her story, for she observed the duke made the sign he had fixed upon.

"With all these accommodations," answered the Queen, "you must have had a very fatiguing journey, and, I fear, to little purpose; since, if the King were to pardon your sister, in all probability it would do her little good, for I suppose your people of Edinburgh would hang her out of spite."

She will sink herself now outright, thought the duke.

But he was wrong. The shoals on which Jeanie had touched in this delicate conversation lay under ground, and were unknown to her; this rock was above water, and she avoided it.

"She was confident," she said, "that baith town and country wad rejoice to see his Majesty taking compassion on a poor unfriended creature."

"His Majesty has not found it so in a late instance," said the Queen; "but I suppose my lord duke would advise him to be guided by the votes of the rabble themselves, who should be hanged and who spared?"

"No, madam," said the duke; "but I would advise his Majesty to be guided by his own feelings and those of his royal consort; and then, I am sure, punishment will only attach itself to guilt, and even then with cautious reluctance."

"Well, my lord," said her Majesty, "all these

fine speeches do not convince me of the propriety of so soon showing any mark of favour to your—I suppose I must not say rebellious?—but, at least, your very disaffected and intractable metropolis. Why, the whole nation is in a league to screen the savage and abominable murderers of that unhappy man; otherwise, how is it possible but that, of so many perpetrators, and engaged in so public an action for such a length of time, one at least must have been recognized? Even this wench, for aught I can tell, may be a depositary of the secret. Hark you, young woman; had you any friends engaged in the Porteous mob?”

“No, madam,” answered Jeanie, happy that the question was so framed that she could, with a good conscience, answer it in the negative.

“But I suppose,” continued the Queen, “if you were possessed of such a secret, you would hold it matter of conscience to keep it to yourself?”

“I would pray to be directed and guided what was the line of duty, madam,” answered Jeanie.

“Yes, and take that which suited your own inclinations,” replied her Majesty.

“If it like you, madam,” said Jeanie, “I would hae gaen to the end of the earth to save the life of John Porteous, or any other unhappy man in his condition; but I might lawfully doubt how far I am called upon to be the avenger of his blood, though it may become the civil magistrate

to do so. He is dead and gane to his place, and they that have slain him must answer for their ain act. But my sister—my puir sister Effie, still lives, though her days and hours are numbered!—She still lives, and a word of the King's mouth might restore her to a broken-hearted auld man, that never, in his daily and nightly exercise, forgot to pray that his Majesty might be blessed with a long and a prosperous reign, and that his throne, and the throne of his posterity, might be established in righteousness. O, madam, if ever ye kenn'd what it was to sorrow for and with a sinning and a suffering creature, whose mind is sae tossed that she can be neither ca'd fit to live or die, have some compassion on our misery!—Save an honest house from dishonour, and an unhappy girl, not eighteen years of age, from an early and dreadful death! Alas! it is not when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselves that we think on other people's sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for righting our ain wrangs and fighting our ain battles. But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or to the body—and seldom may it visit your leddyship—and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low—lang and late may it be yours—O, my leddy, then it isna what we hae dune for oursels, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly. And the thoughts that ye hae intervened to spare the puir thing's life will

be sweeter in that hour, come when it may, than if a word of your mouth could hang the haill Porteous mob at the tail of ae tow."

Tear followed tear down Jeanie's cheeks, as, her features glowing and quivering with emotion, she pleaded her sister's cause with a pathos which was at once simple and solemn.

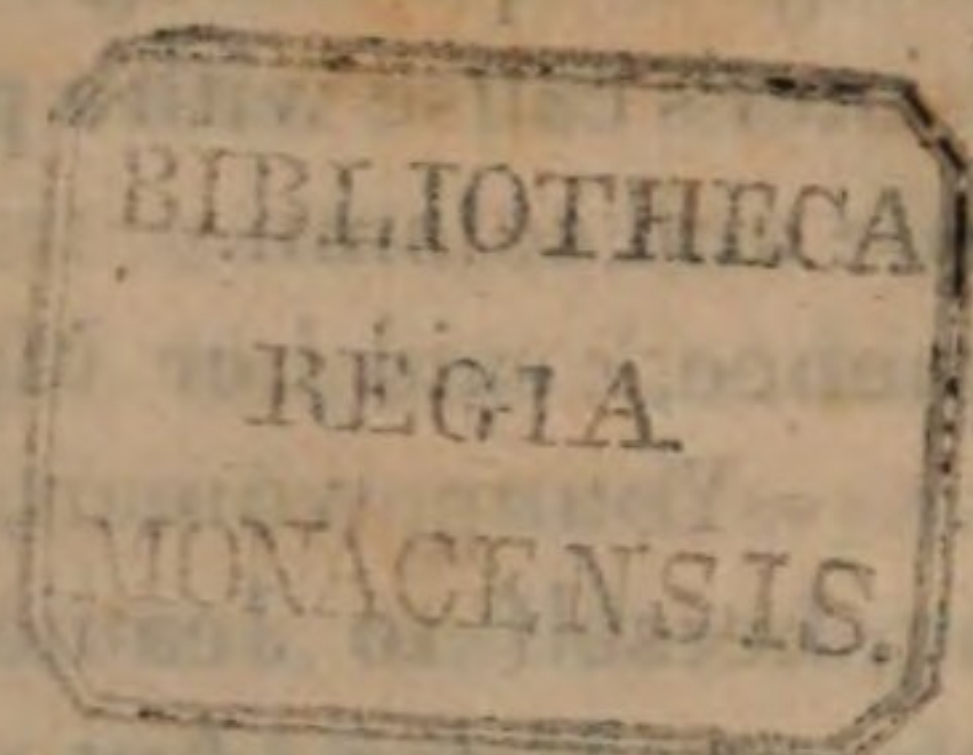
"This is eloquence," said her Majesty to the Duke of Argyle. "Young woman," she continued, addressing herself to Jeanie, "*I* cannot grant a pardon to your sister—but you shall not want my warm intercession with his Majesty. Take this housewife case," she continued, putting a small embroidered needle-case into Jeanie's hands; "do not open it now, but at your leisure you will find something in it which will remind you that you have had an interview with Queen Caroline."

Jeanie, having her suspicions thus confirmed, dropped on her knees, and would have expanded herself in gratitude; but the duke, who was upon thorns lest she should say more or less than just enough, touched his chin once more.

"Our business is, I think, ended for the present, my lord duke," said the Queen, "and, I trust, to your satisfaction. Hereafter I hope to see your grace more frequently, both at Richmond and St James's.—Come, Lady Suffolk, we must wish his grace good morning."

They exchanged their parting reverences, and the duke, so soon as the ladies had turned their

backs, assisted Jeanie to rise from the ground, and conducted her back through the avenue, which she trod with the feeling of one who walks in her sleep.



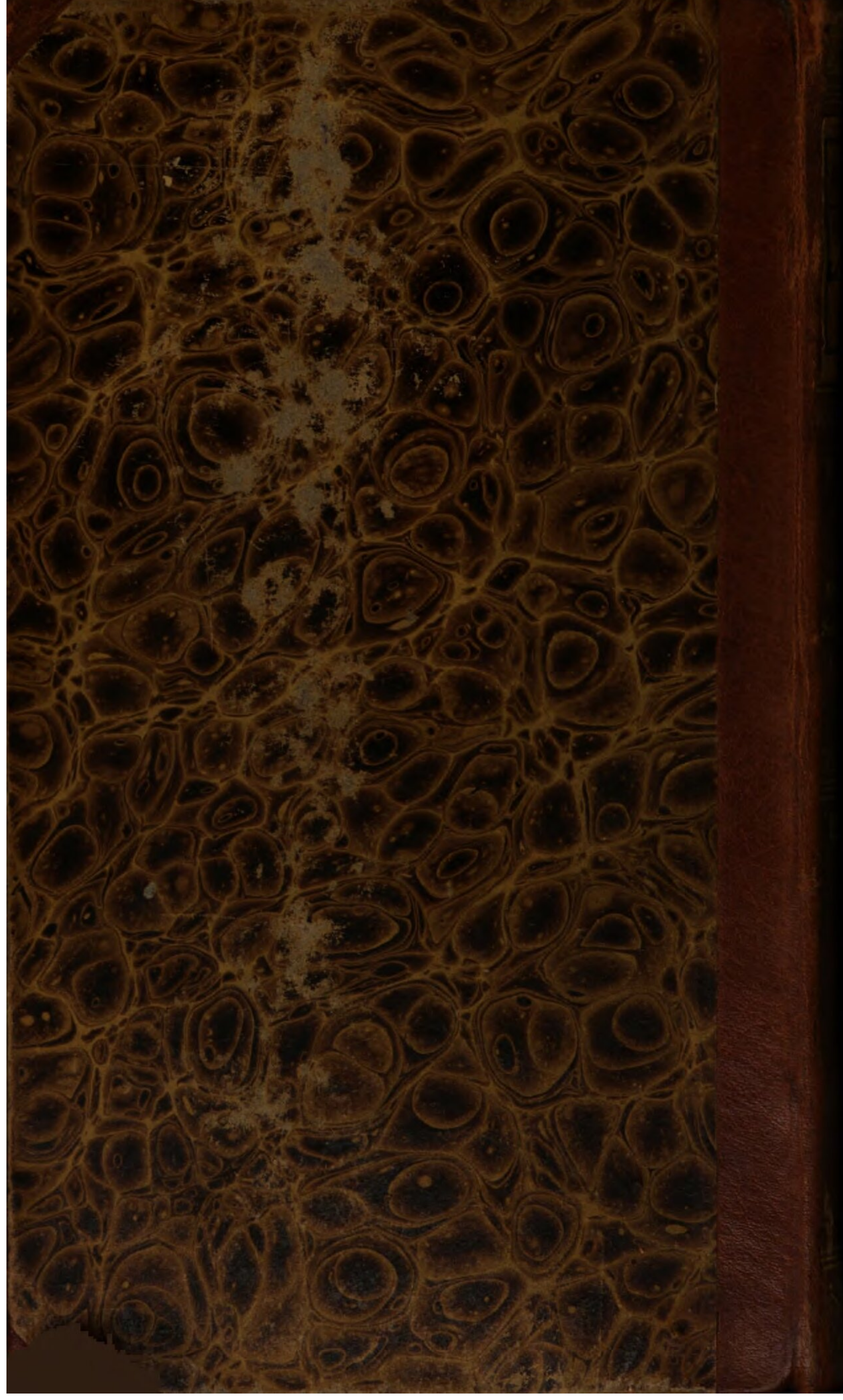
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